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THE

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

"THEY ARE FADED NOW."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The yellow moonlight's silent sea
Flows through the open door, and falls
From casements high, and solemnly
Flits o'er the pictured walls.

A mournful atmosphere of dreams
Hospheres my yearning heart to-night—
I me—through mists—the olden gleams
Of eyes and tresses bright!

Oh! royal dreams, that mock me so
With phantoms of long vanished hours;
Nine dreary times of gust and snow,
And nine of vernal showers,

Have swept the scarlet leaves away,
Or nursed the flower to perfect fruit,
Since those dark eyes were dimmed for aye—
For aye the lips were mute!

The fitful wind with noiseless tread
Glides round my chair, and lightly stirs—
With fingers reverent of the dead—
Some relics that were *hers*.

Old letters—with a trace of tears
And kisses on their pages fair—
(Wept o'er, and kissed, these years and years,)
And a soft curl of hair.

Old violets, once the azure gems
Of springs that bloom no more for me;
This legend twines their mouldy stems—
"They are faded now"—as she!

Touched with the flickering moonbeams now,
And now with shadows overblown,
Bright trees! there's dust upon the brow
Where once your beauty shone!

Old letters! that her breath has fanned
As lightly as this fragrant wind,
There's dust and ashes on the hand
That traced her loving mind!

Frail violets! that no earthly showers
To life could your lost beauty bring,
Her steps are 'mid the deathless flowers
Of an eternal spring!

But—as to him whose heart has bled,
And poured its costly tears in song,
There came "The Phantom" of his dead,
Through summers bright and long—

Her loitering foot is at the door,
Her blushing face and downcast eyes,
Her garments flutter on the floor,
And, in a glad surprise,

I reach impetuous hands to clasp
The flowing robe, the floating hair,
And gather in my passionate grasp
The—vacant moonlit air!

Or now, her dainty, silken head
Is leaning on my burning heart,
Her virgin cheeks are faintly red,
Her dewy lips apart—

And in a dream I stoop to press
Wild kisses on her lips and brow—
I only touch this one frail tress,
All else is "faded now!"

But *not* my love, whose holy power
Has strength to lead my steps aright,
Through moaning storm, through sun and shower,
Beyond the gates of Night;

Beyond the shining crystal bars
Of Morn, beyond the sunset shore,
In God's vast Universe of stars,
To clasp her evermore!

BLANCHE LEVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM, &c., &c."

PART II.

It was a gloomy day, not far off the gloomy month of November, and it was getting towards mid-day, when a train on one of the numerous lines branching from the London bridge terminus, puffed and shrieked up to a somewhat insignificant station a few miles from town. A young and beautiful lady, without attendants, descended from a first-class carriage.

"Any luggage, ma'am?" inquired a porter, stepping up to her.

"A small black bag; nothing else."

The bag was found in the van, and laid on the platform. A family, who appeared likewise to have arrived at their destination, closed round the van and were tumultuous over a missing trunk, and the lady drew back and accosted a stolid-looking lad, who wore the railway uniform.

"How far is it to the Maze?"

"The Maze?" returned the boy, in a sulky tone; "that's Lord Level's place, ain't it? It be a matter of two mile."

"Are there carriages to be hired?"

"There be one; a fly; as waits here when the train comes in."

"Where does it stand?"

"It stands in the road, down them stairs. But if yer wants the fly, 'tain't of no use wanting. It have been hooked by them folks as is a squabbling over their boxes; they writed on here yesterday for it to be ready for 'em."

The more civil porter came up now, and the lady appealed to him. He confirmed the assertion that there was no prospect of a conveyance, except this fly, when the family had done with it—which might be in about two hours.

The lady shook her head, impatiently.

"Can you come with me to carry the bag and to show me the way?" she asked of the surly boy.

The surly boy, willing or unwilling, had to acquiesce, and they set off to walk.

"Now, which way d'yer mean to go?" began he, when they emerged from the station. "There's the road way, and it's plaguy long, two mile, good; and there's the field way; and it's a sight nearer."

"Is it as good as the road?"

"It's gooder—barring the bull. He runs at everybody. And he tosses 'em, if he can catch 'em."

Not caring to encounter so objectionable an animal, the lady chose the road; and the boy strode on before her with the bag. In due time they came to the Maze; a low, straggling, irregular sort of building, with gable ends, looking more like a commodious farm-house than a nobleman's seat. A room seemed to have been run up here, another yonder, a third somewhere else, without any regard whatever to outward appearance or inward regularity. It was exceedingly retired, and a large garden lay around the house, encompassed by high and thick trees. The boy turned himself and the bag round, and, pushing backwards against the gate, sent it open, branching off then to a side-path.

"Is not this the front door?" asked his companion.

"'Tain't of no use going to that," replied the boy, marching on, without deigning to turn; "the old gentleman and lady gets out o' the way, and the kitchen-wench is deaf, I think. Last time I come up here with a parcel, I rung at it till I was tired, and then I kicked at it, and nobody heerd."

He went to a side-door, flung it open, and put down the bag. A servant, with her gown-sleeves stripped up, come forward, and stared.

"Is Lord Level within?" inquired the lady.

"My lord's ill in bed," replied the woman; "he can't be seen or spoken with. What's wanted of him?"

"Are there no other servants, do you know?" inquired the lady of the boy; "no upper ones?"

"I doesn't think so. There's the missis."

A tinge came over the lady's face.

"Who is she?"

"She's Mrs. Ed'ards. A old lady, what comes to church with buckles in her shoes; and there's Mr.—"

"What is it that you want here?" interrupted the servant girl, addressing the visitor in anything but a conciliatory tone.

"I am Lady Level," was the reply, in a ringing, imperious voice. "Call some one to receive me."

It found its way to the girl's alarm. She looked scared, doubting, and finally turned and flew off through a back passage. The boy heard the announcement without its ruffling his equanimity in the least degree.

"That's all, ain't it?" asked he, giving the bag a condescending touch with his foot.

"How much am I to pay you?" inquired Lady Level.

The boy paused.

"Yer hain't obliged to pay nothing."

"What is the charge?" repeated Lady Level.

"The charge ain't nothing. If folks likes to give anything, it's gived as a gift."

She smiled, and taking out her purse, gave him half-a-crown. He received it with remarkable satisfaction, spit upon it on both sides, and then, pulling up one leg of his trowsers, slipped it into his boot.

"But, I say, don't yer go and tell, over there, as yer gived it me," jerking his head in the direction of the railway station. "We ain't let take nothing, and there'd be the yull lot of 'em about my ears. Yer won't tell?"

"No, I will not tell," replied Lady Level, laughing, in spite of her cares.

And the promising young porter in embryo, giving vent to a shrill whistle, which might have been heard at the two-mile-off station, tore away as fast as his legs would carry him.

The girl came back with a quaint old lady. Her hair was white, her complexion clear and fresh, and her eyes were black and piercing as ever they had been in her youth. She looked in doubt at the visitor, as the servant had done.

"I am told that some one is inquiring for my lord."

"His wife is inquiring for him. I am Lady Level."

There was no mistaking that severe glance, those haughty tones, and the old lady curtseyed to the ground.

"Oh, my lady! that I should live to receive a Lady Level in this unprepared state! My lord said you were in foreign parts, beyond seas."

"I returned to England yesterday, and have left my servants in town. What is the matter with Lord Level?"

"That your ladyship should come to such a house as this, all ungarnished, and—I beg your pardon, my lady, I cannot take you through these back passages," she added, curtseying for Lady Level to go out again.—"Deborah, go and open the front door."

Lady Level, in the midst of lamentation, was ushered into a long, low, unearpeted room, very bare, chairs and a large table being all that it contained. "It is of no consequence," said Lady Level; "I have not come to see the house or furniture; I have come only to see Lord Level, and may not remain above an hour or two. I cannot tell. You are—"

"My name is Edwards, my lady. I was housekeeper in the late lord's time, and, when a young woman, I had the honor of nursing my lord. Since the late lord's death, I and my brother, Jacob Drewitt, have mostly lived here; he used to be the house steward."

Lady Level took off her bonnet and cloak, and threw them on the table; she looked impatient and restless.

"Where is Lord Level's room? Show me to it."

Mrs. Edwards marshalled her up-stairs, speaking of Lord Level in a low tone. He had received a hurt to his knee when out riding, and it had induced attacks of fever, deepening at times into slight delirium. Queer, in-and-out stairs they were, with long passages and short turnings. She gently threw open the door of a good-sized, handsome room; on the bed lay Lord Level, his eyes closed.

"He is off in a doze again, my lady," she whispered; "he is sure to go to sleep whenever the fever leaves him."

"There's no fire!" exclaimed Lady Level.

"The doctor says there's not to be any, my lady. In the opposite room to this, across the passage, there's a good one. It's my lord's sitting-room, when he is well."

The housekeeper left the chamber as she spoke, scarcely knowing whether she stood on her head or her heels, so completely was she confounded by this arrival of Lady Level's—and nothing fit to entertain her! She had her head and her hands full just then, had Mrs. Edwards.

As Lady Level moved forward, her dress came in contact with a light chair, and upset it. The invalid started, and raised himself on his elbow.

"Why!—who—is it?"

"It is I, Lord Level," she said, advancing to the bed.

He looked strangely amazed and perplexed; he could not believe his own eyes; staring at her as though he would discover whether she was really before him, or whether he was in a dream.

"Don't you know me?" returned Lady Level.

"What the—what brings you here?" he slowly ejaculated.

"I have come to speak to you. I—"

"Why are you not still in Germany, where I left you?" demanded Lord Level.

"I thought I had been there long enough; too long; and I quitted it."

"Who gave you leave to quit it?" he exclaimed, raising his voice to anger. "Did I?"

"You sent me word you had met with an accident, and that brought me over. I did not travel alone; Mr. and Mrs. Ravensworth arrived at the place accidentally, and I returned home with them. Lord Level, we must have an explanation; I have come here to tell you many things; one is, that I will no longer submit to be treated as a child—"

"Blanche?" he sharply interrupted.

"Well?"

"You will leave this house, now, at once, and go back to whence you came."

"I will not," she replied. "I will not leave England again at all, and I will not go from here, until I have had an explanation from you. If you are too ill, I will wait for it."

"You cannot wait here."

"Lord Level, I will."

His lordship broke into a few oaths.

"Where are the servants?"

"In London, at an hotel. When I got there yesterday morning," she continued, slowly and steadily, "I drove to your rooms—"

"Rooms!" interrupted Lord Level. "What rooms?"

"The rooms whence you dated your letters to me."

A flush passed over Lord Level's hardened face.

"You—went—there!"

"I went there."

They continued to look at each other; Lord Level as though he could not credit what she said; his wife, with a brow of haughty, condemning scorn. His eyes were the first to droop. Then ensued words of recrimination; nothing pleasing or satisfactory: and at length Lord Level worked himself into a return of the fever, his speech became random, his mind wandering. Lady Level grew alarmed, and loudly rang the bell.

She started with astonishment when it was answered, and with difficulty recognized Mrs. Edwards. She was attired in her gala dress of days long gone by; a short, full red petticoat, and a chintz gown looped above it in festoons, high-heeled shoes, buckles, snow-white stockings with worked "clocks," a mob cap of clear lace, large gold ear-rings, and black mittens. And so long as Lady Level stayed, she never saw her but in this costume.

"Is he out of his mind?" gasped Lady Level, terrified at her lord's words and restless motions.

"It is the fever, my lady. Dear dear! and we thought him so much better to-day!"

"Something has occurred to agitate his lordship," exclaimed the surgeon, when he paid his afternoon visit, and was made known to Lady Level.

"We were speaking on family affairs, and Lord Level grew excited," was the reply.

"Then my lady, don't speak of family affairs again, while he is in this weak condition; or of any other affairs, likely to excite him. You must, if you please, put off such, until he is better."

"How long will that be first?" asked Lady Level.

"I can't say; it may be a week, or it may be a month; when once these intermittent fevers get into the system, it is difficult to shake them out of it. Much depends upon his keeping himself tranquil, and upon those around helping him to keep so."

Lady Level, consulting nobody, resolved to remain where she was; as her father, Major Carlen, had said, Blanche was setting up a will of her own, and an obstinate one. She sent for the two servants who had attended her home from Germany, Sanders and Timms, and for certain luggage belonging to herself. Mrs. Edwards did the best she could with this influx of visitors to a scarcely-furnished house.

A few days passed on. Lady Level paid a short, formal visit to her husband's room twice a day, but she did not enter on the subject which had brought her to the Maze; until one evening, when—whether she led to it, or whether Lord Level did, it is certain that it was reaped up again, and a grievous dispute took place between them.

Lady Level's servants were at supper in the kitchen; Deborah was partly waiting on them, partly gossiping, and partly cooking veal cutlets and bacon in the Dutch oven, for Mr. Drewitt's supper, an old gentleman who went about the house in a plum-colored suit, and a lace cambric frill to his shirt. The supper-tray was laid, ready to take up to his rooms, only waiting for the cutlets and bacon.

"You have got enough for two or three, there," cried Timms, as Deborah brought the Dutch-oven to the table, to turn the meat with a fork.

"He has such a appetite," returned Deborah. "I never see a man eat so much in my life; when I lived here first I couldn't but stare, when I fetched the dinner and supper out o' their rooms. Missis always shows me how much to cook, for fear I shouldn't do enough—didn't you see her come in and show me, to-night? It's the same with everything; butter, bread, cheese, nothing comes amiss to old Drewitt. There's a good pound o' bacon, if there's a slice, toasted every morning for his breakfast."

"He keeps pretty well to his rooms," observed Mr. Sanders.

"He don't come out of 'em for days together when my lord's not here," returned Deborah. "His rooms is all at the back; first there's his sitting-room, then there's his bedroom to the side of it, and then there's other rooms further on, which ain't no concern of mine, for I don't have to clean 'em."

Mr. Sanders caught her up.

"If you don't clean 'em, who does?"

"Nobody, that I know of. If rooms is empty and not lived in, they don't want cleaning."

"What's the good of rooms being kept empty?" debated Mr. Sanders.

"I don't know what's the good of anything, for my part," rejoined Deborah. "I asked missis once what them rooms was kept shut up for, and she said she and master had no need to use 'em, and my lord was hardly ever down."

"It's a long way to carry it, all up to Mr. Drewitt's parlor," said Timms, as Deborah took up the tray.

"I thought it a dreadful long way when I first had to do it, but I'm used to it now," was Deborah's response. "There's along these passages and up the stairs, past my lord's rooom, and down that long passage to the door, and then, through the door, there's another passage before you come to their parlor. I have often wondered why they didn't give less trouble and take their meals in some of the down stairs rooms, like Christians."

"If they were real gentry, they'd do it," assented Timms, as Deborah finally disappeared.

"It's not all smooth and fair up stairs," was Deborah's commencement when she returned. "My lord and my lady is at it, like tooth and nail."

"What!" uttered Timms. "Quarrelling!"

"Quarrelling hard. I heard them as I carried the tray by his door, and I heard 'em as I come back. I'm sure it was loud enough and sharp enough for blows to come next, if they wasn't a lord and a lady."

"I don't believe you," said Timms, affecting incredulity.

"You can go and listen," retorted Deborah. "Is she of a cranky temper?"

"No. He is, though: and precious passionate, if he's put out."

"He! Then it's not looked upon as such in this house. To hear my master and my missis talk, Lord Level's just a angel upon earth."

"Ah!" cried Timms, with a sniff. "How long has Lord Level been ill?"

"It was a week, or going on for it, when my lady came down. He was out on horseback, and knocked his knee, a riding through a gate. 'Twas nothing, the doctor said, if he would only be quiet, and fast from good living—but his lordship wouldn't be quiet and wouldn't fast. Wine and rich dishes he would have up to him, and then the fever came on."

Timms had tossed her head indignantly when Deborah suggested that she might go and listen. Strange then to say, Timms rose from supper, and crept up the stairs stealthily, very much as though she did mean to listen, and, by-and-by, Timms crept down again.

"I only got in at the tail of the dispute," she whispered to Sanders. "My lady said something cutting, if one might judge by the sound, for the words didn't reach me, and went into her room with a bang that shook his; and he— Well, Mr. Sanders, if you will excuse my mentioning such a thing, he raved after her with an oath. I suppose it's over for the night, but it's positive they are at daggers drawn."

The household went to rest. It was the first night that Lord Level had been deemed sufficiently well to be left. Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Drewitt had taken it in turn to sit up with him: but his health had considerably improved, and this night he was left alone. Silence, probably sleep, had reigned in the house for two hours, and it had struck one o'clock, when wild calls of alarm, coupled with the ringing of his bell, broke from Lord Level's chamber. The servants rose up in terror in their beds. Those cries of fear came not from their lord, but from Lady Level.

Sanders, thrusting on his shoes and his pantaloons, hastened thither; Timms, in a huge shawl, opened her door and caught hold of him as he went; and Deborah came flying, just as she got out of bed. Mrs. Edwards was before them, and already in Lord Level's chamber. Lady Level, in a blue silk wrapping-gown, her erics over, lay, half-fainting, in a chair, evidently in excessive agitation; and Lord Level—

Lord Level was in a fainting fit on his bed, with a stab in his arm and another in his side, from which the blood was flowing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ravensworth were at breakfast in their residence, Langham-place, when the former was surprised by a visit from Major Carlen. With a scant ceremony, he thrust himself into the room where they sat, his purple and scarlet cloak, which had come unfastened, trailing behind him, and his face scared and chapfallen.

Mr. Ravensworth rose in displeasure.

"I must see you, I must see you," cried the major, putting up his hands, as if in deprecation of his intrusion, "it's on a matter of life and death."

"I have finished my breakfast," said Mrs. Ravensworth: and she rose and left them together.

The major strode up to Mr. Ravensworth, his false teeth actually chattering.

"I told you what it would be," he uttered; "I warned you of the consequences, if you helped her to go down there. She has attempted his life."

Mr. Ravensworth gazed at him in inquiring doubt.

"By George, she has! They had a blow-up, and she has stabbed him. It is nobody else that has done it. When these delicate girls are put up—outraged in their feelings, as they call it, idiots!—they'll do murder with the worst. Witness that character of Scott's, that—what's her name?—Lucy, in the Bride of Lam—"

"For Heaven's sake! Major Carlen, what are you saying?" interrupted Mr. Ravensworth, scarcely knowing whether the major was mad or sane. "Don't introduce a trashy romance into the woes of real life! Has anything happened at Lord Level's, or has it not?"

"He is stabbed, I tell you. One of Lord Level's servants—Sanders, they call the fellow—arrived before I was up, with a note from Blanche. Here, read it:" but the major's hand and the note shook together, as he held it out to Mr. Ravensworth.

"Do, dear papa, hasten down! A shocking event has happened to Lord Level: he has been stabbed in his bed. I am terrified out of my senses. BLANCHE LEVEL."

"Now, she has done it," whispered the major again, his stony eyes turned on Mr. Ravensworth in fear and dread; "as sure as that her name's Blanche Level, she has done it! Who else would attack Lord Level in his bed?"

"Have you learnt any details?"

"Scrape. As much as the man knew. He says they were awoke by cries in the middle of the night, and found Lord Level had been stabbed; and her ladyship was with him, screaming and fainting on a chair. 'Who did it, Sanders?' said I. 'It's impossible to make out who did it, sir,' said he; 'there was nobody to do it; all the house was in bed.' 'What do the police say?' I asked. 'The police are not called in, sir,' returned he; 'my lord and my lady won't have it done.' Now, Ravensworth, what can be a clearer proof than that? I used to think her mother had a tendency to insanity; I did, by Jove; she used to go into such violent tantrums with me."

Mr. Ravensworth felt shocked and bewildered.

"I'll tell you what, Major Carlen, if Lady Level has done this, she has been goaded to madness. You must go down without an instant's delay."

The grim old fellow put up his hands; they were trembling visibly.

"I wouldn't go down if you gave me a hundred pounds a mile, poor as I am, and that would make a thousand pounds! Look what a fluster I'm in, as it is; I had to get the man to hook my cloak for me, and he didn't do it properly; I wouldn't interfere between Blanche and Level for a mine of gold. You must go for me; I came to ask you."

"It is not possible for me to go to-day. Every moment of my time's cut out, and on business that I cannot put off."

"Then go down to-night," pleaded the major. "If you had a daughter, or a sister, so placed—or if it were your own wife, just put it to yourself whether you would not strain a point to get to her. Do it for Blanche."

"I would do a very great deal for Lady Level, quite as much as a brother would. She has my deepest sympathy."

"Then go down to Level's and see into it. You know, if she has done it, she must be parted from him; or, the next thing, will be murder done, instead of attempted."

"I wish I knew more. How did you hear there had been a disagreement?"

"Sanders let it out. He said the women-servants heard Level and his wife hotly disputing last night."

"Where is Sanders?"

"In your hall. He wanted to go back at once, but I brought him here, hoping to send word by him to Blanche that you would go. You can have him in, and hear his account of the affair."

Mr. Ravensworth did so, listening in silence.

"Lady Level must have been greatly terrified," he observed, when Sanders had finished.

"Oh, very much indeed, sir. My lord had quite fainted; and she, nearly. We got the surgeon, and I wanted to go to the police station; there is one, not a mile from the house; but I was not allowed."

Major Carlen glanced significantly at Mr. Ravensworth.

"Could any one have got in, Sanders?" inquired the latter, "any assassin?"

"Why, there's the curiosest part of the affair, sir; there was no sign of such; we found the doors and windows properly secured, as they had been when we went to bed, so we don't see how anybody could have got in. If they did, they must have been let in and let out again, and no noise made over it."

"Do you suspect any one in the house?"

"Why—no, sir; there's nobody we like to suspect," returned Sanders, coughing dubiously.

"The servants—"

"Oh, there's no servants to do such a thing," interrupted Sanders, in a decided tone; and Mr. Ravensworth feared they might be getting near dangerous ground.

"Is Lord Level in danger?" he asked, changing the subject.

"No, sir; unless fever should come on. What some of us did suspect, sir," added the man, apparently wishing to make a clean breast of it, "is, whether my lord can have done it himself; and yet it's not likely, for the lightheadedness had left him, and he was quite collected."

The ground was not so dangerous as Mr. Ravensworth had imagined.

"Has any instrument been discovered?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir; a clasp-knife, with a small, sharp blade. It was found on the floor in my lady's room, which opens from his lordship's."

Mr. Ravensworth wrote a rapid word to Lady Level—that he would be with her that evening—and gave it to Sanders.

"You won't tell that I wouldn't go, you know," whispered the major to Mr. Ravensworth; "say I couldn't."

"What excuse can I offer for you?"

"Any excuse that comes uppermost. Say I'm in bed with the gout. I have charged Sanders to hold his tongue."

It was dark night when Mr. Ravensworth reached his destination, so far as the rail would take him. There he found Sanders and the fly.

"Is Lord Level better?"

"He is off his head, sir, and there are two doctors with him," replied the man. "My lady is pretty near beside herself too."

"Have the police been called in yet?"

"No, sir, no chance of it; my lord and my lady won't have it done."

"It appears an old-fashioned dwelling, Sanders," remarked Mr. Ravensworth, when they arrived before the door of the Maze.

"It's the most awk'ard turn-about place inside, sir, you ever saw. But my lord never lives here; he only pays promiscous visits now and then, and brings no servants. He was kept prisoner here, as may be said, through jamming of his knee, and so my lady came down, and we are staying here temporary, and putting up with all sorts of inconveniences."

"Who lives here in general?"

"Two old retainers of the Level family, sir; both of 'em sights to look upon, she especially. She dresses up like a pictur."

Waiting inside the door to receive Mr. Ravensworth, was Mrs. Edwards. He could not take his eyes from her; he had never seen one like her in real life, and Sanders's words, "dresses up like a pictur," were exemplified. He had deemed the style of dress completely gone out of use, *but* in pictures; and here it was before him, worn by a living woman! She dropped him a stately curtsey, that would have served for the prelude to a court minuet in the palmy days of Queen Charlotte.

"Sir, you are the gentleman expected by my lady?"

"Yes. Mr. Ravensworth."

"I'll show you in myself, sir."

Taking a candle from a slab that stood against the wall—there was no other light—she conducted him through the passage, and, turning down another which stood at right angles with it, halted at the door of a room.

"What would you be pleased to take, sir? and I'll order it brought in."

"I require nothing, thank you."

Quite a housekeeper of the old school, and hospitable, she would not take No.

"I hope you will, sir; tea? or coffee? or supper?"

"One cup of coffee, then."

She dropped another of her ceremonious curtseys, and opened the door.

"The gentleman you expected, my lady."

It was the long, bare room, spoken of before; singularly bare and empty it looked to Mr. Ravensworth: as he walked forward, his head narrowly escaped the beams in the low ceiling, for he was a tall man. A large fire burned in the grate, half-way down the room, and in an easy-chair before it reclined Lady Level—asleep. The door was remote, the housekeeper's movements and voice were soft, and they had failed to arouse her. Two wax-candles stood on the high carved mantel-piece, and the large table, black with age, behind Lady Level, was without a cloth. Everything about the room was dreary but the fire, the lights, and Blanche Level.

Should he awaken her? He looked at her, and deliberated. Her feet rested on a foot-stool, and her head lay on the low back of the chair, a cushion under it. She wore an evening dress of lavender silk, trimmed with white lace. Her neck and arms looked cold and bare in the dreary room, and they were only relieved by the lace, for she wore no ornaments, not a bit of gold or silver was about her—except her wedding-ring. Was it possible that she had attempted the life of him who had put that ring on? There was a careworn look on her face, now, as she slept, which took from her beauty, and two indented lines rose in her forehead, not common to a girl of twenty; her mouth was slightly open, showing her teeth, and very pretty teeth were Lady Level's. No, thought Mr. Ravensworth, guilty of that crime she never had been.

Should he awake her? A coal fell on the hearth with a noise, and settled the question, for Lady Level opened her eyes. A moment's dreamy unconsciousness, and then she started up, her face crimson.

"Oh, Arnold, I beg your pardon! I must have dropped asleep. How good of you to come to me!"

With a burst of tears she held out her hands, and Mr. Ravensworth clasped them and kept them. But now, pray don't go dipping your shallow heads into deep water, you sentimental young lady readers, and think you have found a mare's nest. His friendship and his sympathy were hers in no common degree, but his love for his own young wife was of too exclusive a nature for even a fraction of it to stray to Blanche Level, or to any other Blanche in the world.

"Arnold, I am so miserable! I am so frightened! Why did not papa come?"

"He was—"

Mr. Ravensworth searched for the excuse and did not find a ready one.

"Something kept him, and he requested me to come in his stead, and see if I could be of any use to you."

"Have you heard about it? Did papa tell you?" she asked, in a whisper.

"He told me what little he knew. But it appeared most extraordinary to both of us."

"Sit down," she cried, withdrawing her hands. "I am quite forgetting myself to keep you standing."

"Do you sit down, Lady Level," he returned, drawing a chair near to hers. "You look ill and fatigued."

"I am not ill; unless uncertainty and anxiety can be called illness. I sat here, listening for you, and sleep overpowered me. Have you dined?"

"Yes: but your housekeeper insists on being hospitable, and will send me in a cup of coffee."

"Did you ever see so complete a picture?—Like those we admire in the old frames?"

"Will you describe to me this—the details of the business I came to hear."

"I am trying to put it off," she said, with a forced laugh—a laugh that caused Mr. Ravensworth involuntarily to knit his brow, for it spoke of insincerity. "I think I will not tell it you till morning light."

"I must leave again to-night. The last up-train that passes—"

"Oh, but you'll stay all night," she interrupted, in a nervous tone. "Mrs. Edwards is making you up a bed somewhere."

"Well, we will discuss that by-and-by.—What is this unpleasant business about Lord Level?"

"I don't know what it is," said Lady Level. "He has been attacked and stabbed. I know that it nearly frightened me to death."

"By whom was it done."

"I don't know," she repeated again. "They say the doors were fast, and that no one could have got in."

Now, strange as it may appear, and firmly impressed as Mr. Ravensworth was with the innocence of Lady Level, there was a tone in her voice, a look in her countenance, as she spoke the last few sentences, that he did not like. Her manner was evasive, and she did not look at him openly.

"Were you in his room when it happened?"

"Oh, dear, no. When I came down to the Maze, a bed was made up for me in the chamber next to his; his dressing-room, I believe it is, at ordinary times when he stays here; and I was in bed there, and asleep."

"Asleep?" repeated Mr. Ravensworth.

"Fast asleep. Till something woke me; and when I got into Lord Level's room, I found—I found—what had happened."

"Had it just happened?"

"Just. I was so terrified. After I had called the servants, I think I fainted. I am not sure. Lord Level fainted."

"But did you see no one? no stranger?"

She shook her head.

"Nor heard any noise?"

"I—thought I heard a noise; I am positive I thought so. And I heard Lord Level's voice."

"That you naturally would hear. A man whose life has been attempted, would not be likely to keep silence. But you must try and give me a better explanation than this."

She made no reply.

"You say something suddenly awoke you. What was it?"

"I can't tell you," repeated Lady Level.

"Was it a noise?"

"N—o; not exactly. I cannot say precisely what it was."

Mr. Ravensworth deliberated before he spoke.

"My dear Lady Level, this will not do. If these questions are painful to you, if you prefer not to trust me, they shall cease, and I will go back to town as wise as I came, without having been able to afford you assistance or advice. I think you could tell me more, if you would."

Lady Level burst into tears. Mr. Ravensworth took her hand, and resumed in a low tone—

"I came down, hoping to be to you a true friend. If you will let me be so, if you will confide in me—Blanche, come what may, I will stand by you."

There was a long silence. Mr. Ravensworth did not choose to break it; he had said his say, and the rest remained with Lady Level.

"He is a bad man, and he has made me hate him," she broke out. "Arnold, I wish I had been in that fire, before I had ever married him!"

"But will you not tell me what occurred?"

"I have told you," she answered. "I was suddenly roused out of my sleep, and then I heard Lord Level's voice, 'Blanche! Blanche!' I went into his room, and saw the blood upon his night-shirt sleeve, for he had thrown the clothes off, and he told me he had been stabbed. Oh, how I shuddered! I cannot think of it now, without feeling sick, ready to faint," she added, a shiver running through her frame.

"She do it?—nonsense!" thought Mr. Ravensworth to himself; "she no more did it than I did."

"'Blanche, come here,' he said to me. I don't know how I obeyed; I was terrified to go near him; terrified at the sight. 'Don't scream; come here,' he repeated, and when I reached him he stretched out his left arm—it was the right that was wounded—and laid hold of my arm and grasped it like a piece of iron. 'Stop here,' he reiterated; 'don't make a disturbance:' and there he held me. He seemed to fear that I should alarm the house, and kept me there to prevent it."

"For long?"

"It seemed long to me; it may not have been above two or three minutes; and my arm—look at it, Arnold." She raised the lace of her sleeve, and exhibited her arm, high up, above the elbow; it was black with the pressure. "You see how tight his grasp must have been; but soon he loosed hold, and I saw he had fainted. I rang the bell; I rose the house with my cries; he had told me not to scream, but I could not help it; besides, he might be bleeding to death. After the servants came, a mist fell over my sight, and I am not sure but I fainted; they can tell."

"Well, this is a better explanation than you gave me at first," said he encouragingly; and she had spoken more readily, without appearance of disguise. "Do you think it was Lord Level's calling out that first aroused you?"

"No; oh, no; it was not—at least—perhaps it was. It—I can't say." She had relapsed into evasion again, and it set Mr. Ravensworth thinking. He leaned forward towards her.

"I am going to put a question, Lady Level, and you must of course answer it, or not, as you please. I can only repeat that any confidence you repose in me shall never be betrayed. Did Lord Level inflict the injury on himself?"

"No, that was impossible," she freely answered; "it must have been done for him."

"The weapon, I hear, was found in your room."

"Yes."

"But how could it have come there?"

She made no reply.

"Why do you object to the police being called in?"

"It was Lord Level who objected. I wish the police were stationed all over the house; I should feel more at ease; I shall scarcely dare to go to bed to-night. When Lord Level recovered his faintness, he heard the servants speaking of the police, and he desired me to tell them he would have no police in his house. This morning I went to his room, and told him if he would not have them in, and the house searched, and the facts investigated, I should die with terror. He replied, then if I chose to be so foolish, I must die; that the hurt was to him, not to me, and if he saw no occasion for police, and did not choose to have police, surely I need not. He—"

The coffee interrupted them; and Mr. Ravensworth wished the coffee at the antipodes. Sanders brought it in, and Mrs. Edwards attended to serve it. But Lady Level told her she need not wait.

"You do not inquire how I sped on my arrival here," said Lady Level, as she handed him his coffee.

"Indeed, there are many things I should like to inquire," was his reply, "but wishing for information does not always constitute the right to ask it."

"My coming excited no little consternation; had there not been a Lady Level, Mrs. Edwards could scarcely have been more surprised. She vanished, and reappeared before me in this costume, which, it appears, she only assumes in honor of me. On the floor above, there is a very comfortable sitting-room, nicely furnished, which Lord Level uses when he is here; but it is close to his chamber, and I could hear him raving out this evening in his delirium, and she made me come down to this. Better put up with bare boards, she said, than with words not pretty for a young lady's ear."

"She was right," said Mr. Ravensworth.

"I have come to no explanation with Lord Level; a fine passion he was in when he saw me, and found I had left Germany. We had some words, and he became light-headed. No further allusion was made to the subject, until last evening, and then it was brought up again, by him, and we had more recrimination. I shall separate from him when he gets better, unless—unless—"

"No you will not," interrupted Mr. Ravensworth. "You have not considered what it is to separate from a husband. You must not think of such a step."

"I have found sufficient cause since I came to England," she returned, her blue eyes flashing. "I knew something of Lord Level's principles before, so I was not ill prepared for it. Do you think these things are not hard to bear?"

"They are very hard; still, they may be borne; and it will be far better to bear them, than to come to an open rupture. I know the world better than you do."

"You counsel me to bear insults tamely?"

"I do, indeed; I do it for your own sake; I know it will be happier for you in the end. Lord Level does not intrude personal insult upon you; and what takes place away from your knowledge you had better not inquire into."

Lady Level shook back her head defiantly.

"Blanche, listen to me. The very last thing you must think of, is a separation from your husband. I tell you that I speak for your happiness."

Before more could be said, the old steward, Mr. Drewitt, appeared. Lord Level was now calm again, and wished to see Mr. Ravensworth. They went up-stairs together. Lord Level fixed his eyes upon Mr. Ravensworth, as he advanced to him.

"So, it's you!" he exclaimed. "They told me my lady had got some intruder down stairs. What brings you here? Did my lady send for you?"

"No. Major Carlen came to my house, and requested me to come down."

"Major Carlen? Oh! very good. I'll make a note of that. I'll blow his brains out, if he interferes between me and my wife; and that he knows."

"So far as I believe, Major Carlen has no intention, or wish, to interfere. Lady Level sent to him, in her alarm, and he requested me to come in his place."

"If Major Carlen has entered into a league with you to ferret out matters that concern me, which he dare not attempt to come and do for himself—"

"I beg your lordship's pardon," was the curt interruption. "I do not like or respect Major Carlen sufficiently to be in 'league' with him. I came down here, certainly in compliance with his desire, but in a spirit of kindness to Lady Level, and to you, to be of assistance to you if I could."

"How came you to bring Lady Level over from Germany?" growled the peer. "You shall account to me for it yet."

"Your wife wished to travel home with myself and Mrs. Ravensworth, and she did so. What fault have you to find with it?"

"This fault—that, but for you and your meddling interference, she would be abroad still. I wished her to remain abroad for the winter."

"If Lady Level returned home against your wish, I am not responsible for it. It was not my place to dictate to her that she should, or should not." Lord Level lay in silence for a while, and the angry expression left his face. "I hope this injury to your lordship will not prove a grave one," Mr. Ravensworth remarked.

"It is a trifle," was the answer—"nothing but a trifle. It's my knee that keeps me prostrate here," striking the bed; "and I have intermittent fever."

"Can I be of service to you? If I can, command me."

"I don't want anybody to be of service to me, if you allude to this stabbing business. Some drunken fellow got in, and—"

"The servants say the doors were all left secure, and were found so."

"The servants say so to hide their carelessness," roared Lord Level, in a contortion of pain. "This knee gives me twinges, at times, like a redhot iron."

"Had any one got in, especially any drunken man—"

"Mr. Ravensworth," imperatively interrupted Lord Level, "it is my pleasure that this affair should not be investigated. I say that some drunken man got in—a poacher, I'll lay a guinea, and attacked me, not knowing what he was doing. To have a row made over it would only excite me, in my present state of fever. Therefore, I shall put up with the injury, and shall be well all the sooner for doing so. You will be so obliging," he sarcastically added, "as to do the same."

Almost as Lord Level spoke the fever came on again, his face became crimson, his eye wild, and his voice rose to a scream. He flung his left arm about the bed. Mr. Ravensworth looked for the bell, and rang it.

"Drewitt, are the doors fast?" raved his lordship. "Do you hear me, Drewitt? Have you looked to the doors? Now where are the keys? Where have you put them? That door—"

Mrs. Edwards entered and essayed to soothe him. She put cool applications on his head and held his arm gently.

"The doctor will be here in a moment," she whispered to Mr. Ravensworth; "that was his ring as I came into the room."

"Has Lord Level been violent?"

"Only in speech, sir. He just dashes one arm about, and rolls his head. I don't know that he could do more, considering his powerless knee and his right arm. He was so much better till this attack upon him last night."

"So, he's off again!" exclaimed the doctor, when he entered; "well, if he will excite himself, he can expect nothing else. Mrs. Edwards, will you call your brother? I shall want his assistance in dressing the wounds. You are a friend of the family, I hear, sir," he added to Mr. Ravensworth. "I hope you purpose to order an investigation into this extraordinary affair."

"I have no authority to do so. And Lord Level does not wish it done."

"A fig for Lord Level! he does not know what he's saying," replied the doctor. "There never was so monstrous a thing heard of, as that a nobleman is to be stabbed in his own bed, and the fellow to be let off, scot-free; not looked after! We need not look far!"

The last words, significantly spoken, jarred on Mr. Ravensworth's ears.

"Have you any suspicion?" he asked.

"I can put two and two together, sir, and find they make four. The windows were fast; the doors were fast; there was no noise, no disturbance, no robbery; well then, what deduction have we to fall back upon, but that the villain, he or she, was an inmate of the house."

Mr. Ravensworth's pulses beat a shade quicker. Was she going to be publicly denounced?

"Whom do you suspect?" he boldly inquired, fully prepared to combat the answer; but the answer was not what he anticipated.

"One of the servants, of course."

"But the servants are faithful and respectable. They are not suspected."

"Maybe not indoors, but they are out. The whole neighborhood, sir, is in commotion over it; and how Drewitt and his sister can let these London servants be at large, is the talk of the place. The most singular thing is, that Lady Level should have slept through it, when the assassin must have gone into her chamber to deposit the knife upon the floor. It was found close to her dressing-table. Look here," he added, opening the door leading to Lady Level's room, "there's where the knife was found, half way down it; and yet her ladyship protests she slept through the visit!"

"It may have been flung in."

"No, it was carried; for the blood had dripped from it all along."

"Has the knife been recognized?"

The surgeon had turned again towards Lord Level, and did not hear the question. In the shadow of the door stood the steward; he stealthily touched Mr. Ravensworth's arm, and beckoned him into the dark corridor.

"Sir," he whispered, "my lady told Mrs. Edwards that you were a firm friend of hers, a sure friend."

"I trust I am."

"Then let it drop, sir; it was no common robber; let it drop, for her sake and my lord's."

Mr. Ravensworth went down stairs, painfully perplexed. Those few words, spoken by the faithful old steward, were more fraught with suspicion against Lady Level than any other circumstances he had yet heard.

Lady Level was sitting where he had left her, before the fire. He thought he must be going.

"I have been of no assistance to you," he observed, "but should anything further arise in which I can be, send for me."

"What do you expect to arise?" she hastily inquired.

"Nay, I expect nothing."

"Did Lord—"

Lady Level suddenly stopped and turned her head. Inside the room stood two policemen. She rose with a startled movement, and shrank close to Mr. Ravensworth, as if for protection.

"Arnold! Arnold!"

"Do not agitate yourself," he whispered.—"I will speak to them. What is it that you want?" he demanded, moving forward.

"We have come about this attack on Lord Level, sir."

"Who sent for you?"

"Don't know anything about that, sir. Our superior ordered us here, and he's coming on himself. We must examine the fastenings of this window, sir, by the lady's leave."

They passed up the room, and Lady Level left it, followed by Mr. Ravensworth. Outside stood Deborah, all aghast, peeping after the policemen.

"They have been here this hour, my lady," she whispered.

"Who have?"

"Them police people. They have had us all before 'em in the kitchen, my lady, a questioning of us separate; Mr. Sanders first, and Mrs. Timms next, and me last. I never was questioned so close, my lady, in my life. And now they are going round the house to look at it, and see to the fastenings."

The men came out again and moved away, Deborah followed slowly in their wake. She appeared to regard them, now they were inside a house, with somewhat of the curiosity we give to a wild animal. Lady Level returned to her place by the fire, and Mr. Ravensworth looked at his watch.

"It is time for me to go," he observed.

"To go! Now?" uttered Lady Level.

"I shall barely reach the station for the up-train."

"Arnold, if you go, and leave me with those men in the house, I will never forgive it," she passionately exclaimed.

He looked at her in surprise.

"I thought you wished for the presence of the police; you said you should regard them as a protection."

"Did you send for them?" she breathlessly exclaimed, the thought striking her.

"Certainly not."

She sank into a reverie, a deep, unpleasant reverie that compressed her lips and contracted her brow. Suddenly she lifted her head.

"He is my husband, after all, Arnold."

"To be sure he is."

"And therefore—and therefore—there had better be no investigation."

"Why?" asked Mr. Ravensworth, scarcely above his breath.

"Because he does not wish it," she answered, bending her face downwards. "He forbade me to call in aid, or to suffer it to be called in; and, as I say, he is my husband.—Will you stop those men from searching, and send them away?"

"I do not think I have the power."

"You can forbid them in Lord Level's name. I give you full authority; as he would do, were he capable of acting. Arnold, I *will* have them out of the house; I will."

"What is it that you fear from them?"

"That they will question me."

"And if they do, you can but repeat to them what you told me."

"No, it must not be," she shivered. "I could not parry their searching questions."

Mr. Ravensworth paused.

"Blanche," he said, in a low tone, "did you tell me all."

"Perhaps not," she slowly answered.

"Perhaps?"

"There! I hear those men up stairs, and you stand talking idly here! Order them away in Lord Level's name."

As Mr. Ravensworth went up the stairs, the steward met him, pale and agitated, urging him to the same step that Lady Level had done.

"It must not be looked into by the police," he whispered; "sir, it must not."

Mr. Ravensworth moved as one in a dream, so perplexed was he. He found the two men in the room where Lady Level had slept, examining the situation of that, and of Lord Level's, and whispering together. They must not leave the house, they said, in reply to Mr. Ravensworth, but they were willing to retire to the kitchen and there wait for their superior. Accordingly they went down and talked freely with the servants; or rather, perhaps, encouraged the servants to talk freely to them. Mr. Ravensworth remained some little time in Lord Level's room, and then he went down. In one of the passages he met Lady Level, running against her, indeed, in the dark. She appeared to be deeply agitated, and ran from him into the first open door she came to. It was an unfurnished room, and there was no light, save what came from the large bay window. He followed her in, for she was panting and sobbing hysterically.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed.

She had rushed up to the window, and stood against its frame.

"Give me air, give me air! I shall faint; I shall die."

With some trouble he undid the bolt of the window, and threw up its middle compartment; then he turned and held her. A ring at that moment came to the outer gate, and she shook as she leaned against him.

"Blanche, let me be your friend; tell me all; let it be what it will, I promise to stand by you."

"They are saying in the kitchen that it was I attacked Lord Level," she uttered, the words breaking from her by jerks, in her agitation.

"Make a friend of me," he continued to urge, his voice full of earnest sympathy; "you shall never have a truer."

But she only shook as she stood, and grasped his arm.

"Blanche! did—you—do—it?"

"No," she answered, with a low burst of hysterical sobs, "I only saw it done."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

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TERMS, &c.

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EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

We have had of late very little to say upon the condition of affairs in Europe, for the simple reason that everything in that quarter seems so obscure and undetermined, that it is difficult to say anything worthy the hearing. "It's all a muddle," sure enough. What Louis Napoleon wants, or even whether he knows himself what he wants, is a matter of much uncertainty. A recent article in the *Moniteur*, his official paper, has attracted great attention in England, and is almost universally regarded as a reason for distrust and apprehension. The following is a summary of the article in question:—

The Emperor of Austria had promised to grant concessions on a large scale to Venetia, but requiring, as a condition *sine qua non*, the return of the Archdukes. The Emperor Napoleon accepted these conditions.

It is easy to conceive that if, after the conclusion of peace, the destinies of Italy had been entrusted to men who had more at heart the future of their common fatherland, than little partial successes, the aim of their endeavors would have been to develope and not obstruct the consequences of the treaty of Villa Franca; and Venetia would have been placed in the same position as Luxembourg with Holland.

The Archdukes will not be established by foreign forces, but that portion of the treaty at Villa Franca not having been carried out, Austria will find herself freed from all engagements taken in favor of Venetia. Instead of a policy of reconciliation and peace, defiance and hatred will be seen to reappear, which will entail fresh misfortunes. Much, it would appear, is expected from the Congress, which we hail with all our best wishes, but we strongly doubt that the Congress will attain better conditions for Italy.

It would not be right to ask from the great Powers important concessions, without offering equitable compensations. War would be the only way to resolve the difficulty. But Italy must be aware that one Power alone makes war for an idea, and that is France, and France has accomplished her mission.

In some kind of conformity with the above, and giving emphasis to its statements, is the fact that Austria, instead of proclaiming a general amnesty, as promised in the Treaty of Villa France, seems to be ruling in Venetia with even increased severity. The tone of the *Moniteur's* article would seem to be one of complaint and dissatisfaction with the Italians.—But the question is whether it is a genuine and undissembled utterance of the Imperial mind, or merely an affected complaint, to delude the Austrian monarch into believing that Louis Napoleon is very much disconcerted by that at which he really rejoices. We should think that France, before many years, would grow sick of this tricky kind of greatness that Louis Napoleon has—and long for one of those simple, sincere, heroic souls, who, when they do speak, never deal in enigmas, but always mean precisely what they say.

We should not be surprised, for our own part, if Louis Napoleon really did feel a little worried at the conduct of the Italians. Certainly it could hardly have been expected of them, their recent remarkable exhibitions of order, and "brotherly love and unity," under the very trying circumstances in which Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna have been placed. No outbreak, no ultra Republicanism, nothing that could justify the appearance of Louis Napoleon anew on the stage, in his great part—in which he *acts* so well—of restorer of Law and Order. So far from this being the case, the people, nobles and all—and the nobles, in their natural place, at the head—have moved as one man. Think of the vote in Parma in favor of annexation to Piedmont, 63,000 in the affirmative to only 500 in the negative! And the thing voted for, so proper and natural, so destitute of a single anarchical element—to pass under the rule of the King of Sardinia, the dearly beloved ally of Napoleon himself. Truly, if the French Emperor had counted—and not unreasonably—upon a little anarchy and confusion, by the aid of which he could play out an artful and selfish game to the close, he has reason to feel considerable chagrin and vexation.

"Man proposes, God disposes!" and we cannot help thinking that certain shrewd plans of Louis Napoleon's are being most singularly and perhaps providentially baffled. It looks to us who do not trust the man, as if he were caught in the net of his fair professions. His power in France is not even yet so securely founded, that he dare cut outright his own generous words, and act the false friend to the Italians, without a decent pretext. The game lags, it seems to us, because the intended moves are impossible at present—and the Imperial player waits, like the far-famed Micawber, for "something to turn up."

As to Austria, can she be striving to drive Venetia into insurrection, thinking that, if she does, the revolutionists will be succored by the neighboring states of Italy, and thus a pretence be afforded her for overrunning them, as soon as Venetia is brought again into subjection? And does she make this move in secret concert with France? The article in the *Moniteur* would not seem to discourage such a supposition.

Quiet as Italy now is, that peace may be simply such as precedes one of her own volcanic outbreaks. To one acquainted with the common version of some of the prophecies, the present state of affairs in Europe at large, and the singular convergence of various great interests upon Central Italy as a focus, have even a more than usual significance. True that the dark clouds which seem now to be gathering overhead may gradually disperse and disappear—and we cannot but hope that it may be so. But with France still secretly arming, and England openly arming, and Belgium erecting a great fortress, and Germany clamoring for unity and a strong Federal Executive, such as may befit troublous times, and Austria still clad in complete steel, and Russia encouraging all in turn that she may divide and finally appropriate all, everything would seem to betoken the danger of a great war, such as this globe never yet has known. Let us be thankful at our lot, we whom the waves of the tumultuous Atlantic separate from such probable scenes of turmoil and blood, and so order our own affairs, individual and national, as to be able ourselves, and our children after us, to dwell amid the countless blessings of security and peace.

THE BALLOT.—Mr. Richard Cobden, in a recent letter, published in the London papers, says:—

Whilst with my pen in hand, let me add a word on the subject of the recent rejoicings of our opponents over the letters addressed by Mr. Dana to Lord Radstock on the ballot in America. They would have us believe that the people of the United States do not care for the protection of the secret vote. My answer is this:—*Find me a dozen sane men in the free States of America who would exchange their mode of voting for ours.*

It is evident, from the above, that Mr. Cobden has no correct perception of the diversity of sentiment that exists in this country upon almost all questions, political as well as religious. We have very little doubt, not only that "a *dozen* sane men" could be found in this good city of Philadelphia alone, who would be willing to exchange our present system of voting by ballot for an open vote, but that hundreds, and perhaps thousands, could be found. Why we would engage to find "a dozen sane men"—in the common usage of the word *sane*—in this single city, who prefer the whole English system of Government to ours; another dozen who would prefer an American Louis Napoleon: and another dozen, very probably, who would be willing to exchange our total-abstinence, bachelor President, for even the Grand Turk himself, with his hundred wives. Why where does Brigham Young get all his native admirers, if we Americans are so wedded to the predominant notions of our coun-

try? Mr. Cobden must not talk so much at random. We doubt whether anything could be framed so utterly ridiculous and chimerical, that hundreds of men in this country could not be made to believe in it—and of England doubtless the same may be just as truly said.

"SPIRIT" RAPPINGS.—We are requested to state that the *old* "Spirit of the Times"—that veteran and able journal of Turf and Field—is not involved in the controversy now raging between "Porter's Spirit," and "Wilkes' Spirit." It has nothing to do with the mutual *rappings* of these latter unaccordant *spirits*.

A NEW QUARTERLY.—Col. T. B. Florence, M. C., requests us to call the attention of our readers to THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW, the first number of which he is about to issue, and which is to contain a fine portrait of President Buchanan.

☞ Mr. Charles G. Leland, late editor of the *Evening Bulletin* of this city, has removed to New York. Mr. Leland is a talented and accomplished writer, and we wish him all success in his new sphere of action.

METALLIC PENS.—The attention of our readers is solicited for the advertisement of S. J. Bestor's Metallic Pens.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY: OR THE HISTORY OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY, by the BERKELEY MEN. (Sheldon & Co., New York.) And who are the Berkeley Men? *Quien sabe!* Who knows? Friends to this ground and liegemen to the Dane, very evidently. The work to which they give their *nom de plume*, besides its solemn epigrammatism, which makes one fancy he is reading a French translation, has a uniformity of style that would rather lead one into speculations concerning the Berkeley *Man*. But everything is possible to genius.—So let us not inquire too curiously, or with too much skepticism, into the nature of the Berkeley Men. Were we to pursue the quest, who knows but that, relying on the internal evidence, we should peremptorily assign the authorship to George Lippard by the favor of a "mejum!" For it has the blended flavor of Lippard and the second sphere. It is Lippard, but Lippard drawn mild, as all the Spiritual literature is drawn. It grandiloquently tells us of the Dead Eagle (meaning Napoleon) and how Europe trested him and his ashes, which is melo-dramatic. Then it pathetically mentions how the Young Eagle (meaning the Duke de Reichstadt) "pined, sickened, and died, among strangers," omitting to mention the report that he died of dissipation, which is monitory. Then it tells us, with dark, exulting significance, that a Bonaparte still rules France, which is melancholy. And so it goes. However, it gives us, in a well-printed, handsome volume, biographical and historical sketches of all the Napoleon family, male and female, from the Dead Eagle himself to the mousing owl that hawked at French liberty. Secondly, it is not so much a history as a big pamphlet written in the Bonaparte interest. Thirdly, it is ferociously anti-English, and gives perfidious Albion her gruel on every possible occasion. Fourthly, it is adorned with some pretty pictures, including a charming print of the fair Eugenie, in her graceful and debonair Spanish beauty. And, to conclude, it is vastly amusing.

A little pamphlet of thirty pages with the title of RAB AND HIS FRIENDS, by Dr. JOHN BROWN (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) tells a story of a Scotch mastiff and those who owned him, with alternate graphic touches of fun and pathos that now make laughter spirt from the mouth, and now tears well to the eyes. The depth of it, and the felicity of some of the descriptive epithets and passages, are worthy of Carlyle. Rab, the dog, lives distinct in the mind as the eye follows his history.

A book fit to grace the oak and gold of the noblest organ, the august dark sheen of the grandest piano-forte, with its bright scarlet-crimson covers and red edges, is an edition, edited by Vincent Novello, of HAYDN'S glorious oratorio of THE CREATION. (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.) But of the oratorio, whose fame and place are known and secure, we need say nothing, nor indeed of this issue of it, save that it is given in vocal score with separate accompaniment for the organ or piano-forte. All music-lovers will rejoice in it, and find in it a feast for eye and soul.

And here, since, as Shakspeare puts it,—

"Since music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother"—

why should we not mention Mr. HENRY MORFORD whose poetry, bound up in a volume happily called RHYMES OF TWENTY YEARS, (H. Dexter & Co., New York,) is, if not always sweet, yet very sweet sometimes, and, what is quite as well, is spirited, vigorous, manly, fervid, tender and true, with good feelings and good fancies, and the quality of adorning with poetic association things and people we see every day, thoughts we all think, early feelings we are all glad to have revive, wishes and hopes we all entertain, pleasant or pensive old town and country memories which come to all of us and are welcome, and other matters of the same or similar kind. In a large portion of the book, home and everyday life in their various circumstance and vicissitude, give the tone and color to the verses. So, mixed with the song, sounds up the hilarious shout from the boys' play ground, or the thick-millioned gleeful voices of children in a grateful carol of Santa Claus, or perhaps some pretty touching babble of a pet child weaves in its music, or again the tones of a street organ playing the air a beloved one sang near dying, or the passionate and tender love-words of sweetheart or husband, or perchance, sacreder than all, the cloistered heart's solemn and gentle murmur of communion with the dead. Such are the sounds and echoes of these ballads—and such they were when twenty years ago, in the columns of this paper the author sang them, for it is true that in these columns he then lifted up his voice and sang. And here is one of his songs, with a fire in it that should kindle any fancy, with a beauty that touches the finer sense,—a song that we offer the reader to show how gallantly and fervently the strong voice can sound in honor of the fair:

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

Gayly may dance the laughing eyes
Of the olive maids of Spain,
And Italy's girls 'neath Italy's skies,
Still weave love's burning chain;
Our skies may be less bright and blue,
Our Northern blood more cold—
But hearts are here as warm and true,
And forms of as glorious mould.

Earth has nothing of brighter bloom
Than the cheek of the English girl;
The tropic groves have no perfume
Like the breath through those gates of pearl.
Nothing but Heaven can match the bliss
Hid in that bosom of snow—
Of the budding lips that wait a kiss,
And the sweet eyes drooping low.

In the tresses of her soft brown hair
A heart would captive lie,
And never care, as it nestled there,
That a world was passing by.
For her might falter a chief's last fight,
Or a monarch forfeit his crown,
And all be repaid in the loving light
From her soft eyes looking down.

The mother of a line of kings
That English girl might be,—
Might nurse a poet's baby wings,
Or suckle the Hope of the Free.
Nothing of Earth but would holy grow,
Locked in her gentle hand;—
Nothing of Heaven but she might know—
A star in the seraph land.

Oh, glorious Anglo-Saxon blood—
Blood that nerved our sires—
Whether here or beyond the flood
May beat thy flashing fires—
Thou givest might, and thou givest will,
But thou givest beauty, too;—
Such as raptures the wide world still,
And makes old Eden new.

Mars touched, long years ago, thy tide
With the tip of his burning spear,
And bade thee fill the veins of pride
For the masters of a sphere;
But a finger-tip of Venus pressed
Thy circling current the same:
And nerving the warrior's iron breast,
Thou givest the lover's flame!

We may be free in line and land—
So let us be, or die!—
But captive yet to beauty's hand
We cannot choose but lie:
Fetter us—fetter us—heart and brain!
Bind us with eye and curl;
And we will not seek to break thy chain,
Oh, glorious English girl!

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

LIFE OF DAVID CROCKETT. By Himself. G. G. Evans, Philadelphia.

DOW'S PATENT SERMONS. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

MISS SLIMMENS' WINDOW, AND OTHER PAPERS. By MRS. MARK PEABODY. Derby & Jackson, N. York.

LETTERS ON MODERN AGRICULTURE. By BARON VON LIEBIG. John Wiley, New York.

THE BOOK OF THE FIRST AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS. By DAVID WILLARD FISKE, M. A. Rudd & Carleton, New York.

AN ÆRIAL SHIP.

An aerial ship, called the City of New York, intended for a transatlantic voyage, has been in the course of construction for some months past in the vicinity of New York, and is now, say the New York papers, so nearly completed that she will be ready to undertake the trip in October. The aeronaut who has charge of the enterprise is Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of New Hampshire, who has made several successful ascensions. The dimensions of the air-ship are greater than those of any balloon previously built. The capacity of the gas-receiver is 725,000 cubic feet; the aggregate height of the balloon, from the valve to the bottom of the boat, is upwards of 300 feet; the diameter, 130 feet. Mr. Lowe proposes to go directly from New York to London in 48 to 64 hours. The New York Times, in its description, states that six thousand yards of twilled cloth have been used in the construction of the envelope. Reduced to feet, the actual measurement of this material is 54,000 feet—or nearly eleven miles. Seventeen sewing machines have been employed to connect the pieces, and the upper extremity of the envelope, intended to receive the gas-valve, is of triple thickness, strengthened with heavy brown linen, and sewed in triple seams. It is asserted that one hundred women, sewing constantly for two years, could not have accomplished this work which measures by miles. The netting which surrounds the envelope is a stout cord, manufactured from flax, expressly for the purpose. Its aggregate strength is equal to a resistance of 160 tons; each cord being capable of sustaining a weight of four or five hundred pounds. The material is stout, and the stitching stouter.—The basket which is to be suspended immediately below the balloon is made of ratan, is 20 feet in circumference, and 4 feet deep. Its form is circular, and it is surrounded by canvas. This car will carry the aeronauts. It is warmed by a lime-stove, a new feature in air-voyages. It is claimed that it will furnish heat without fire, and is intended for a warming apparatus only. The stove is 1 1-2 feet high, and 2 feet square. Mr. Lowe states that he is so well convinced of the utility of this contrivance, that he conceives it to be possible to ascend to a region where water will freeze, and yet keep himself from freezing. This is to be tested. The air-ship will carry weight. Its cubical contents of 725,000 feet of gas suffices to lift a weight of 22 1-2 tons. With outfit complete, its own weight will be 3 1-2 tons.—With this weight, 19 tons of lifting power remain, and there is accordingly room for as many passengers as will care to take the venture. The Times understands, however, that the company is limited to eight or ten. Mr. Lowe provides sand for ballast, regards his chances as exceedingly favorable, places implicit faith in the strength of his netting, the power of his machinery, and the buoyancy of his life-boat, and altogether considers himself secure from the hazard of disaster. If he accomplish his voyage in safety, he will have done more than any air-navigator has yet ventured to undertake. If he fail, the enterprise sinks the snug sum of $20,000. Wealthy men, who are his backers, sharing his own enthusiasm, declare failure impossible, and invite a patient public to wait and see. The precise time for the ascension has not been fixed. The ship is so near completion, that the event, it is said, will not probably be delayed beyond three or four weeks.

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND, who retired from the sarsaparilla business some years ago, with a fortune of half a million, having lost much by speculations, has resumed it again. He is fond of speculation, and it was he who sent the Rev. Mr. Cosey to England, to invite Mr. Spurgeon to this country.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A QUELQUECHOSE MALHEUR EST BON.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Who that knows Paris knows not the beautiful tower of St. Jacques de Boucherie, formerly almost hidden in the midst of a labyrinth of crooked, narrow, sunless alleys, near the sumptuous Hotel de Ville, now lifting its noble proportions into the bright blue sky, surrounded by a large, tasteful garden, opening on either side upon wide, handsome streets, presenting to the eye long perspectives of handsome buildings, brilliant shops, and gay promenaders? This magnificent tower, the sole remains of a fine church erected here in the early part of the sixteenth century, and destroyed in the Revolution, is one hundred and fifty-six feet in height, with a battlemented summit, affording a magnificent view of Paris, and adorned with exquisite tracery; gargoyles of immense size lean forward from the top of its walls, projecting their quaint, weird faces far into the air; in niches are beautiful statues of saints and worthies of the olden time; and on the top is a pilgrim who seems to have climbed laboriously up the steep ascent, and to be now pausing on the very edge of the battlements, ready to fling away his staff, and to spring upward into the empyrean. A lion, a griffin, and some other animals unknown to naturalists, flank the three other corners of the battlements, and seem to indicate, by their quiet repose, that the heroic pilgrim has passed beyond the reach of the troubles, distractions, and dangers of earth.

I confess to a deep and loving admiration of the *chef d'œuvres* built and carved in stone by the earnest workers of other days; so bold and so massive, and yet so fair, so rich, so graceful and towering so nobly and serenely into the sky, like those noblest, most eloquent, and most impressive of all earth's features, "the everlasting hills." Like these, they show some new aspect with every change of the light and of the weather; the sunbeams lie like a smile upon them, clouds and mist deepen the silent gloom of their recesses, and every hour of the day and night, lends them an expression of its own. And yet, amid all this change, they change not, save from the mellowing effect of time, but are still themselves, still "biding their time," noble, beautiful, enduring, self-supported and self-contained, and saying so clearly to all who will hear them, "Look on us, and learn how good it is to be a strong, homogeneous, single-purposed, honest reality! Our foundations are deep and firmly laid, and therefore we fear neither wind nor storm, but can safely raise our tall sides on high, and lift our heads rejoicingly into the clear air of Heaven. There is no sham, no weakness, no pretence about us. The sorrows and disappointments of successive generations—building their hopes on false foundations—pass beside us like the phantasmagoria of a fevered dream; and still we tower aloft into the blue ether, at once a lesson, an aspiration, and a suggestion for the world below!"

The noble tower I have been describing—one of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of pure Gothic architecture in Europe—has long been an especial favorite of mine; and since the ground around it, formerly used as a rag-market, has been cleared of the odious dirty lanes and loathsome houses that formerly surrounded it, and converted into one of those charming gardens that form so distinguishing a feature of the Paris of to-day, I often pass an hour or two in admiring its fine proportions, its quaint and beautiful ornaments, and amusing myself with recalling the varied scenes of actual, busy life that have been enacted within so short a distance of its site, from the remote days when all Paris—consisting first of a few rude fishermen's huts, then of a rising village, and at length of a small walled town—was contained on the little isle of St. Louis, yonder, and King Dagobert built himself a little hunting lodge where the Louvre now stands, that he might be able, when overtaken by the darkness in the dense forests that covered the northern bank of the Seine for so many a long mile, to pass the night there with his people without fear of molestation from boars and wolves. No spot of the earth's surface—not excepting even the most renowned sites of Imperial Rome—could furnish from its own individual history a more varied and instructive summary of historical and social vicissitude, than that on which stands my favorite tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie.

Among the mothers, nurses, babies and loungers who lost no time in entering on the enjoyment of the pretty garden round the base of the tower, I had once or twice noticed a very pretty, neat-looking young woman, apparently about twenty years of age, and an *ouvriere*, who was always accompanied by a little fellow of some three years, of whom she took the greatest care, never allowing him to be out of sight for an instant, and, indeed, scarcely ever letting him leave hold of her hand. The child was always neatly dressed, and seemed to be lively and intelligent. Something about the appearance of both of them interested me; and I soon found myself looking for them whenever I went into the garden. The young woman was evidently poor, and as evidently sorrowful. She seemed to know nobody, and looked like one accustomed to live alone, and bear her own troubles, whatever they might be, in silence and quiet. I could not help feeling a certain curiosity to learn her history; but was at a loss for any decent pretext for accosting her. All at once her visits to the garden seemed to cease; at least I saw no more of her.

One day, as I was sitting on the sunny side of the tower with a book, I suddenly bethought myself of the young woman and the child, and looked round, involuntarily, in the hope of seeing them; and, curiously enough, just at that moment, saw them entering the gates of the garden.

The young woman looked paler and shabbier than formerly; and the child was evidently recovering from an illness, for he was languid and weak, and walked with difficulty.

There was a vacant place on the bench on which I was sitting; and as the young woman approached, I drew my gown a little closer to make room for her. She glanced at me quickly as I did so, and after a moment's hesitation, sat down beside me, lifting the child upon her lap.

"Oh, I'm so tired, mamma!" said the child, laying his head on the young woman's shoulder.

"Well, *chéri*, thou shalt have a nice little rest now; see how pretty the flowers are, and how warm the sun is here; 'twill do thee good, my darling!"

"But I'm hungry," said the little fellow, presently, "I wish I had something to eat!"

Thereupon the young mother put her hand into her pocket, and drew out a bit of bread folded up carefully in a piece of paper, and offered it to the child. It was a very small bit, white, and quite clean; but it looked dry and uninviting.

"I don't want that!" said the little fellow, in a querulous tone, and turning away his head.

The mother replaced the bread in the paper, and put it back into her pocket with a sigh. As she stooped to kiss the child's forehead I saw tears in her eyes.

I happened to have a paper of sponge-cakes in my reticule that I had just bought for a little pet of mine who holds out a pair of tiny fat paws, and demands a "punge-tate" as a matter of course as soon as she sees me; and whom I expected to see in the course of the day; so, having drawn forth the paper from its receptacle, I opened it, and held it before the child.

"They are very wholesome," I remarked to the mother, delighted with the opportunity of making acquaintance with her, and determined to profit by it if possible, "and I hope you will allow your little boy to try one if he fancies them."

"Madame is a thousand times too good!" exclaimed the young woman, blushing, as the child eagerly held out its thin hand to the paper. "Pierre is not well, poor child, and does not fancy his food; but I am almost ashamed to trespass thus on madame's kindness!"

"On the contrary," replied I, putting a cake into the outstretched hand, "here are plenty of cakes in the paper, as you see, and I am very glad to be able to offer one to your little boy."

The ice thus broken, I soon learned that the young woman was a sempstress, as I had supposed, and would fain have inquired into the particulars of her history; but she was far less communicative than people of her class are apt to be, and it was necessary to proceed with caution.

I therefore observed, with affected carelessness, that I was looking for some one to sew for me, and inquired whether she could undertake the work I wished to get done?

She replied that she should be glad to do it, as her little boy's illness had obliged her to send back many pieces of work that had been entrusted to her, so that, just then, she had nothing on hand. Having taken her address, which proved to be very near my own place of residence, and having insisted on her accepting the parcel of sponge-cakes for the little boy, I left the garden, feeling more than ever interested for this young mother, so pretty, so uncomplaining, and yet so evidently friendless and solitary in the great city, that I felt quite sure there must be some painful circumstances in her history—probably of a nature only too easily-guessed—and determined, if possible, to aid her in surmounting them.

I took an early opportunity of calling on the little sempstress, "taking a few informations" about her, as is the phrase and the custom here, from the portress, before climbing up to the attic in which she lived.

From the portress I learned that Therese Dubecq (I forgot to say that such was the name she had given me in the garden,) stood high in her good graces, and in those of the landlord of the house, as a "quiet, well-conducted young woman, whom no one could say anything against, though certainly she had the misfortune to be a mother without being a wife," which, added the portress, was most likely more the fault of others than her own, she being so very young, when she came from the country, four years ago, bringing her baby with her, and working hard ever since to keep herself and it. The portress farther informed me that Therese, who had lived in the house ever since she came, led a most exemplary life, but seemed to be utterly without friends; and that, one day, when she (the portress) seeing the child so ill of the measles, and Therese unable to continue her earnings in consequence, had advised her to apply to her family for assistance, she had replied that she was an orphan, and had no one to look to but herself. Therese was a good workwoman; but the portress feared that the expenses of the child's illness must have reduced her finances to a very low point; and though the doctor said the child needed meat and wine, and to go into the country, (and Therese would sacrifice everything for that child, who was her idol,) of course she could give him nothing of all that; and she had been selling many of her clothes lately, as she had been unable to sew.

But I must defer the conclusion of this little history till another week. QUANTUM.

ON Saturday last the lightning struck a tree in the yard of Mr. Amos Sage, in Goshen, N. Y., and dodging off to a pig-sty, in which were a sow and nine pigs, took off the tails of the whole nine juvenile porkers "as clean as a whistle." It is supposed that they were ranged in a row, taking supper at the time, and so much engaged that they did not observe the flash in time to dodge it.

THE REMAINING ELECTIONS THIS FALL.—The elections in California for State officers and members of Congress took place on the first of September. In October elections will occur in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, Mississippi, Georgia, Iowa, and Kansas. In the early part of November the following States will vote:—New York, New Jersey, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin.

A VETERAN SOLDIER'S BOAST.—The Duke of Wellington in his private explanatory letter to Mr. Canning, in regard to a misunderstanding between them in 1827, used this language: "I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger, and proof of this is that *I never had a quarrel with any man in my life.*"

AN EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.—An earthquake had taken place at Norcia, Italy, by which two hundred persons were killed, and a large number injured. Nine thousand of the population had encamped in the neighborhood of the town. The Pope had despatched assistance.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

RENEWAL OF THE CHINESE WAR—ALLIED SQUADRON DEFEATED—FIVE HUNDRED BRITISH KILLED AND WOUNDED—FIVE GUNBOATS LOST—THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT PEKIN—SERIOUS EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN—FIVE FIREMEN KILLED.

The North America and City of Baltimore bring advices to the 14th. The news is important, the war with the English and French forces having been renewed. The allied squadron having attempted to enter Peiho with the English and French Ambassadors, the Chinese assembled in great strength and defeated the attempt. Nearly five hundred British are reported killed and wounded, five of their gunboats being lost. The Allies were finally forced to retreat.

Admiral Hope arrived off the Peiho River on the 17th of June, and found the entrance barred. An attempt was made on the 25th to force a passage, when suddenly, batteries, supported by a force of 20,000 men, were unmasked, and opened a destructive fire. After a severe action, the squadron was compelled to withdraw, with the loss of the gunboats Cormorant, Lee and Plover. Four hundred and sixty-four were killed and wounded. The French had fourteen killed out of sixty. The Plenipotentiaries had returned to Shanghai.—Seven officers were killed and seventeen wounded. Among the wounded was the Admiral.

As the first boat touched the shore, the forts poured in a perfect hurricane of shell, balls and rockets, which mowed down the men as they landed. The ships supported them as well as possible. Of the thousand men who landed, barely a hundred reached the first of the wide ditches, situated five hundred yards from the river, and only fifty reached the third ditch. They would have made an attempt to scale the walls, but the ladders were either broken by the shot or stuck in the mud. With one of the ladders that remained, ten of the men sprang forward, three of whom were killed and five severely injured.

Orders were at last given to retire, and while in retreat, the men were shot down like birds. Many of the boats were swamped by the balls, and not enough remained to carry off the survivors. Several, full of wounded men, were struck and swamped.

Russian features were distinctly visible among the men manning the Chinese batteries.

The Americans towed up several boats to the scene of action, and afterwards took a number of men to their respective ships.

"It is stated that the American Ambassador has been admitted to Pekin. The hope of the treaty being carried out is given up, and a fresh war is considered imminent."

CANTON, July 20.—All traffic with the interior is interrupted. The Allies still occupy the town.

The English and French Secretaries of Legation returned home in the mail steamer.

The news of course created much sensation, and the violation of the treaty in such a treacherous manner, called forth a loud demand for a terrible vengeance.

The London Times says:—"Henceforth negotiations must be carried on at Pekin, where, no one can doubt Europeans will soon be as much at home and as safe as at Paris."

It concludes the article with the following uncomplimentary reflections on the American Ambassador:—"The American Ambassador, without force of arms, is said to have been admitted at Pekin. Of course, he had a peculiar claim in this exceptional privilege, on account of the assistance given to the Chinese mandarins to deprive us of the just fruits of the late unsuccessful war. Whether this or some new claim rendered him more admissable than those who had opened the way to him does not yet appear. If the Americans can open China by a peaceful method, let them do it; but, thus far, they seem better able to help themselves than do anything for the world at large."

The Paris Moniteur, in an article detailing the treachery of the Chinese, says the governments of France and England are about to take measures together to inflict chastisement and obtain every satisfaction which so flagrant an act of treachery requires.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—On the afternoon of the 9th inst., when the Great Eastern was off Hastings, a feed-pipe casing in the forward funnel, which had been introduced on the ground of economy in heat and to keep the heat of the funnels from the cabins, exploded with terrific force, shattering the funnel to pieces, and demolishing the grand saloon and lower deck cabins, through which the funnel passed, and otherwise doing great damage to the internal fittings. Great consternation prevailed on board, but prompt efforts were made to get at the unfortunate men in the engineer's department, who were either buried in the rubbish or prostrated by the steam. Three firemen were found in a dying condition and soon expired, while eight others were injured, two of whom subsequently died. One fireman was lost overboard, having either fallen into the water or jumped into it to escape scalding. The injured men were generally progressing favorably, although two or three of them were in a precarious condition.

The numerous guests on board had only quitted the grand saloon through which the funnel passed, and in which they had been dining, a few minutes before the explosion took place. But for this the consequences would have been most serious. The explosion is stated to have been probably one of the most violent which a vessel has ever survived, and which none in the world could have withstood, save a structure of such marvellous strength as the Great Eastern. She not only resisted it, her frame sustaining no injury whatever, but it made so little difference in the movements of the vessel that the engines were never once stopped till she reached Portland. It is asserted that great objections had been made to the casing round the furnaces, and the directors persisted in adopting the plan, notwithstanding it had been tried and abandoned in the Collins steamers.

The Coroner's inquest was commenced at Weymouth on the 12th instant, and the evidence clearly showed the cause of the explosion to be: Firstly—The supply of the boilers through the water packet of the funnel was stopped, because of a failure in the auxiliary pumping power. Secondly—A stand-pipe, which acts as a safety-valve, had in it a tap, when the casing was hydraulically tested; that tap was turned, (apparently intentionally,) so that the pipe was useless. The inquest was adjourned till the 17th.

Prior to the accident, the performance of the vessel was most satisfactory, and she was almost without motion, while large vessels in her vicinity were pitching and tossing in a stormy sea. A survey of the vessel had been held, and estimates sent in to forthwith repair the damage, at a cost of not more than £5,000, the injury being far less considerable than was at first supposed. Little, if any, delay would take place in the departure of the ship on her first voyage, but a rumor prevailed that she would not proceed to Holyhead, but sail direct from Portland. The accident caused a slight decline in the shares of the Company, but did not influence the general confidence in the ship.

The London Post's Paris correspondence says that the fortification of the different French towns is the order of the day. Lille and Bourges are under the hands of the engineers, and Valenciennes will soon be.

Accounts from the wine-growing districts state that the vintage will be more productive than was anticipated.

It is rumored that France and England had agreed to an European Congress on Italian affairs, and if necessary the Zurich Plenipotentiaries will have occasional meetings.

The recent article in the Moniteur, of which an abstract was received by the Arabia, continues to occupy attention. It produced a very unfavorable effect at Paris, and future complications, menacing the state of Europe, were anticipated. The article came direct from the Emperor, at St. Lavour.

The King of Belgium had gone to see the Emperor Napoleon, it is supposed, in reference to the difficulty between France and Austria.

The action of the master builders in London, in throwing open their yards to all men who would sign the obnoxious declaration, had proved a failure. Only thirty or forty had signed the declaration—and at some establishments the masters had yielded to the men.

Kossuth, after spending some time in Paris, had returned to London.

Mr. Cobden and other reformers had addressed meetings, at which it was resolved that branch financial reform associations shall be established in the principal towns, and that lectures shall be given, so far as to prepare the way for an organized Parliamentary attack upon the system at present in vogue.

The English and French fleets before Peiho number two ships of the line, seven large steamships, and ten gunboats. It is believed, however, that nearly a year must elapse before anything can be attempted owing to the insufficiency of the land forces. It is supposed that there will be no interruption of the China trade.

ITALY.—The National Assembly of Parma had voted the expulsion of the House of Bourbon, and the annexation of Parma to Sardinia.

It is said that Victor Emmanuel is disbanding his army, but that the men are furnished with passports to Tuscany and Modena, where they will swell the army of Central Italy.

CIRCASSIA.—Schamyl, the noted Circassian leader, it is said, has been made a prisoner, and sent to St. Petersburg.

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna Gazette contains an official article promising that great concessions will be made to the Protestants of all the provinces.

The same journal, in its non-official portion, publishes an article expressing satisfaction with the article in the Moniteur, advising the people of Central Italy. It further states that a consideration of the state of affairs in Italy, from the point of view in the Moniteur, increases the hopes of peace, and banishes the fears which have been entertained till now.

COMMERCIAL.—Sept. 14th.—Cotton—Some circulars say quotations are unchanged, but others report a decline of 1-16d.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are favorable—but the market closed quiet and firm.

Breadstuffs have to-day exhibited an advancing tendency. Wheat is advancing. Corn closed steady.

Provisions close quiet, but prices continue steady. Sugar is also steady.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—Evening.—Sugar market heavy; all qualities of tea closed at an advancing tendency.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 13.—Sugar quiet, coffee buoyant; rice heavy; rosin firm, at 4s for common; spirits turpentine firm, at 35s 6d.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Attorney-General of the United States has given an official opinion, that a child born in this country, whose parents are foreigners, and only temporary sojourners in the country is entitled to all the benefits of citizenship that would accrue to a child born here of American parents.

SOUTHWARD.—A large body of land, 32,000 acres, lying in the counties of Highland, Randolph, and Pendleton, Va., has been sold for $60,000 to a Northern Emigration Society, who design settling upon it.

A BULL RACE took place at the Hendricks county (Indiana) fair last week. A bull was harnessed to a light vehicle and driven around the track, to the great delight of thousands of spectators.

A NEW AND BAD FEATURE AT POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.—The correspondent of the New York Express, who reported the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention, recently held at Syracuse, says there were large numbers of fancy women in attendance at the hotels. Some old stagers from New York hailed as from country villages. This is a new feature in political conventions, and the Express says the attendance of these women was procured for a political and only a political object. They have no small influence over some of the politicians, and their presence on the spot, it was thought, would be of great importance.

$32,000 was received at Leavenworth on the 15th from Pike's Peak. The proposition for a State organization at Pike's Peak has been voted down by a large majority.

THE English cricketers are at Montreal. They will play at New York on Oct. 3d, and in this city on the 10th.

THE success of the Great Eastern in sailing down the Thames, was without the least drawback. She is said to be already proved to be the fastest vessel afloat—but we wait for the trial trip to Portland, that will decide.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—A short time since we announced that the body of a female, supposed to be that of Mrs. Richmond, wife of Jason Richmond, of Exeter, R. I., who had been missing since the 10th of June last, was found on the 22d ult., under the stump of a tree that had blown over, and that Mr. Richmond had been arrested on suspicion of having murdered his wife, and thus concealed her body. One day last week, however, the missing woman came home. She left home on account of a family jar which she and her husband had managed to create, and having stayed away as long as she pleased, returned as aforesaid.—*Boston Journal.*

DATES are received from California to the 5th ult., by arrivals at New Orleans by way of the Tehauntepec route. General Harney had 500 troops on the island of San Juan, and was erecting fortifications, by which the harbor of Victoria could be commanded by cannon. The British Admiral refuses to obey Governor Douglas's order to bring the Pacific fleet near the island. The Admiral disclaims all hostile intentions, and will wait for orders from the home government. The officers of the opposing forces were on friendly terms.

THE cost of going from Philadelphia to Portland, to see the Great Eastern, is about $15. Allowing $10 for expenses there, will make the whole expense, meals and all, about $40.

YIELD OF WHEAT IN ILLINOIS.—A letter says: "We have just finished threshing forty acres of wheat on our farm, near Bloomington, and we are considered 'very lucky' in getting an average of nine bushels per acre. In this county the average yield of wheat will not exceed five bushels per acre."

HIRAM P. LESLIE, the swindler of the young girls whom he engaged to go South, as teachers, has been sentenced to three years at hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary. This is the full extent the law allows for the offence for which the fellow was tried.

A LOUISIANA paper, in recording the death by lightning of "two likely negro men," says:—"The electric fluid of the clouds seem to be no respector of persons. It would as soon kill a negro worth fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars, as a poor white man not worth the powder and lead that it would take to blow his 'brains out.'"

QUALIFICATION FOR BAPTISM.—The London Quarterly for July, has the following story:—"A native of one of the South Sea Islands went to a Missionary, desiring baptism. On his confessing that he had two wives, he was told that he could not receive the sacrament until he should promise to be contented with only one. He retired, without asking any further explanation. The next day he presented himself again, and reiterated his desire for baptism, saying he had then only one wife. Upon examination, it was discovered that he had *qualified* himself for the ceremony by *killing* and *eating* one of his wives.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REVELATIONS.

We are on the road again! It is the evening of the 21st of October, about six or seven hours since I left the Avenue ——; and autumn's early sunset tints all the fields and house-tops of St. Denis with a red glow, as if we saw the landscape through a painted window.

On the road by which we came four days ago—that iron road which intersects France in a northward line, from Paris to Brussels—flying forward, ever forward, while sunset fades into dusk, and dusk thickens into night!

We have a railway carriage to ourselves this time, for the sake of privacy and liberty of speech—this, chiefly, because we are no longer alone, and need to talk with our companion. He whom I style "our companion" is a small pale man, with green spectacles, and a particularly vacant countenance. He is dressed in a suit of threadbare black, wears a hat too large for his head, and a crumpled white neckcloth tied loosely round his throat. He looks more like a petty schoolmaster, or peripatetic preacher, than anything else, and carries a large cotton umbrella between his knees. Neither beard nor moustache adorn his countenance. He looks not to the right nor to the left; and, when spoken to, turns upon you a large, dull, meaningless gray eye, in which no spark of intelligence is ever seen to quicken.

Certainly a more insignificant and utterly unpromising person could scarcely have been selected for a travelling associate; yet in that man's pocket are the only proofs we possess—the note and the cigar-case; and into his ear we are pouring all our doubts, adventures, discoveries, suspicions, and fears. Already he is in possession of all the leading facts, from the conversation which I overheard in the conservatory on the night of the *soiree*, down to my interview with Madame Vogelsang, this morning; and to all this he listened with a face as absent and passionless as if he were counting the bricks in a dead wall.

Only, now and then, he asks some trifling question, or enters a brief note very slowly and methodically upon the leaves of a greasy pocket-book, and but for this, we might almost fancy that he neither heard nor heeded a syllable of all that has been said.

His name is Pierre Corneille Barthelet. He is an agent of police, and one of the most sagacious of Parisian detectives.

Forward, always forward in the deep night—past the lighted stations with never a stop—past the up-train with a shock of vision, like the sensation of a sudden fall from some giddy height—forward, forward like the wind! It is an express train, bound for Brussels, and stopping only at Quievrain and Valenciennes by the way.

The whole scene, police agent and all, seems like some rushing terrible dream, and the tale we tell him a fantastic fiction.

"And now are you sure that I know all the circumstances?" he asks, carelessly. "Because that is important."

"I believe that we have forgotten nothing."

"Humph! You made one very false move, gentlemen."

"When, and how?"

"In going to the house as you did. It must have put them on their guard."

"And they will escape us again!" cries Vogelsang, with a fierce oath. "Oh, I must go back—I must go back by the next train!"

"Indeed, they suspect nothing," I interpose. "Have I not already told you how I replied to her questions, how I satisfied her that I was but a creditor of Theophile's?"

"Yes, yes—but it is not enough! She only affects to believe you—she will escape before I can get back!"

"Be tranquil, Monsieur," observes Barthelet, with calm indifference. "They are safe enough. I have provided for that, and set a watch upon the house. As it happens, no mischief has been done; but I objected to the way in which you entered. It was unprofessional."

So saying, Monsieur Barthelet looks at his watch by the light of the dim lamp above; observes that we have just three hours left; takes off his hat (brushing it carefully with his sleeve before he hangs it up;) and, tying his pocket-handkerchief over his head, composes himself for a nap.

This nap lasts till we reach Quievrain, when he awakes, as if by magic, and follows us out of the carriage to the passport-office, where the elderly gentleman, with the white head and the eye-glass is still sitting, as if he had never left his place since we last saw him.

He recognizes us the moment we enter, and the cunning smile hovers round his lips and in the corners of his eyes.

"Well, sir," he says, peering at Vogelsang from behind the top-rails of his desk. "Well, sir, have you found your wife?"

But before my companion can frame a reply, Monsieur Barthelet has glided from behind us, and is standing beside the old gentleman's elbow. A whispered word—the sight of a written paper drawn from the greasy pocket-book, has worked wonders. The face of the *chef de bureau* has become suddenly grave and attentive. He requests us to be seated. He listens deferentially to the agent's hurried statement. He takes down the same great book, and again reads up every page, in the Hebraw fashion, only more quickly.

Suddenly the forefinger pauses in its course—the page is compared with one a little way before it—they look significantly into each other's faces, and we are called over to inspect the entries.

They stand thus:—

"Passed this day, Oct. 17th, 18—, between the hours of one and two P. M., Madame Therese Vogelsang; vocalist; Austrian subject. Going to Paris from Brussels. Seen at Quievrain, for Paris, Oct. 17th, 18—.

"Chef de Bureau, R. Lecroix."

"Passed this day, Oct. 17th, 18—, between the hours of one and two P. M., Monsieur Alphonse Lemaire; French subject; proprietaire. Going to Paris from Brussels. Description of person:—Tall; blue eyes; auburn hair. Seen at Quievrain, for Paris, Oct, 17th, 18—.

"Chef de Bureau, D. Lacroix."

Then a little farther on:

"Passed this day, Oct. 18th, 18—, between the hours of four and five, P. M., Monsieur Alphonse Lemaire; French subject. Tall; eyes blue; nose short; hair and beard, reddish-yellow. Going to Paris from Brussels. Seen at Quievrain, for Paris, Oct. 18th, 18—.

"Chef de Bureau, R. Lacroix."

Two Monsieur Lemaires have passed the frontier!

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CHAIN IS BROKEN.

"And it was from this point, gentlemen," says Barthelet, "that you took the rail in preference to the road?"

"From this point."

"Then, clearly, we must first find the post-house from which they had their next relay of horses. Thence we shall easily discover the road by which they travelled. Hold!"

And Monsieur Barthelet takes a small volume from his pocket, and after referring backwards and forwards three or four times from the map to the letter-press, from the letter-press to the map, observed drily that Quievrain has four *portes aux chevaux*, and that we must go from one to the other till we meet with the right.

This is dismal work, traversing the streets of Quievrain in the dark, three hours after midnight. It reminds me of the first step which we took upon the journey on leaving Brussels, only that it is infinitely more wretched; and over all we do, or think, or say, there hangs the "shadow of a fear"—sombre, chilling, undefined.

At the first post-house, we have to wake the people from their sleep, and they reply to our questions surlily enough. They have no remembrance of any such carriage or travellers. What right have we to disturb folks for nothing; it is their business to furnish horses, not information. They have a great mind to give us over to the police; but they content themselves with slamming the door in our faces. At all of which Monsieur Barthelet smiles grimly, and tapping the breast-pocket of his coat, says, with a tone of quiet power, that he has "a little paper there by which he could exact their civility—ay, and the civility of the gendarmes too, if he thought fit to produce it!"

At the second we fare no better; and at the third we find all hands busy, and everybody up and stirring. It is now nearly half-past four; the great lumbering diligence, swaying to and fro like a sleepy giant with a hood on, fills all the yard; horses are being harnessed; postillions are getting ready; luggage is being heaped on the roof; some early passengers are darting here and there, and getting in everybody's way—and all this confusion by the light of glancing lanthorns, with the black sky overhead.

Of course we cannot get attended to in the hurry and bustle of the moment; so we wait till the diligence has departed, lurching and pitching, and still very sleepy, out of the yard, when Barthelet makes the old inquiry.

No one can remember anything, whether of the carriage, the travellers, or their destination. This is the largest post-house in Quievrain—they keep the greatest number of horses—supply the most extensive circle of customers. It is hardly probable that they would recollect it, without something had occurred to render the journey remarkable. They are, however, very civil, and offer no objection when we request permission to interrogate the servants of the establishment. But from these we can obtain nothing, and are about to turn away in quest of the fourth and last post-house, when some one recollects that we have not yet spoken to the postillion, Van Comp, who, it appears, has not long come off a journey, and is now in bed.

Unwilling to lose any chance of success, we wait till Van Comp is awakened, and pass the time, weary as we are, in pacing up and down the yard, for the morning is bitterly cold, and there has been a frost.

At length Van Comp, a little, shrewd-looking man, with quick, black eyes, makes his appearance, half-dressed and shivering. So small, so puckered, so elfin in his *tout ensemble*, that I find myself at a loss to decide whether he be an active old man, or a withered boy; which perplexity is increased when I hear the shrill treble of his voice replying to Barthelet's questions.

He speaks only Flemish, of which neither Vogelsang nor myself comprehend a syllable, and we watch the conference in silence. Barthelet, as usual, looks entirely unconcerned, and speaks occasionally in a low, drawling tone, to which the other responds with a torrent of volubility and a variety of lively gesticulations. This goes on for several minutes, when Barthelet seems to give some order—the ostlers run to the stables—a heavy post-chaise is brought out of a coach-house, and Van Comp, rushing over to a pump in a distant corner of the yard, proceeds to plunge his head and face twice or thrice into a bucket full of water, apparently as the first step towards completing his toilet.

"What now?" I exclaim, eagerly. "What does he say!"

"He remembers to have driven a lady and gentleman from here to Valenciennes about five or six days ago. All that he can be sure of is, that the lady was very handsome, that her companion paid him in gold, and that it was about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. At Valenciennes they took fresh horses, and went on without delay. He cannot tell where they went; but he knows the post-house to which he drove them, and he supposes that from the people there we shall learn all we require. I have ordered a chaise to be got ready immediately, and he will drive us."

Monsieur Barthelet delivers this important news with about as much energy and emphasis as one might remark upon the state of the weather, or any other equally exciting subject, and then falls to consulting the map and the pocket-book.

And now we are on the road again.

It is still dark, and the bright carriage-lamps, illumining a narrow patch on either side, reveal brief glimpses of trees and gates, and show our little postillion jerking up and down before the front windows. Thus, in silence and gloom, we journey on to Valenciennes, where, with little difficulty, we recover the next clue, and so on, post by post, in the direction of Douai, which we enter between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, with the sun shining coldly overhead, and the white frost glittering like diamond dust on the ramparts and church towers.

We are driven to the Hotel de Flandres, where we order breakfast, and request a few moments' conversation with the landlord; a lofty gentleman adorned with rings, pins and chains, who listens to our inquiries with an indulgent air, and replies in an infinitely condescending manner.

Truly he has some recollection of the travellers to whom we allude, and he imagines that their stay at his house was not prolonged beyond a few hours. But madame keeps the books, and attends to all these little matters; and he thinks, upon the whole, that we had better mention the subject to her. Madame's little bureau lies to the right of the *salle a manger*. She is always there, and we may seek her when we are disposed.

And monsieur strolls out of the room, chinking the Napoleons in his pockets as he walks, as if to show us that he has plenty of them, and rather likes the sound.

To madame's room we repair accordingly.—She is very gracious, and has been handsome. She consults a large ledger, and presently discovers the following entry, which she permits us to read, and which Barthelet copies forthwith into the greasy pocket-book:

Monsieur and Madame—arrived Oct. 17th, 18—.	
Dinner for two,	14
Vin de Champagne,	30
Cafe for two,	4
Apartments and service,	16
Breakfast for two,	10
Vin de Champagne at ditto,	10
	84

"And in what manner did this lady and gentleman leave?" I asked, eagerly. "Did they take a post-chaise from here?"

Madame shakes her head. Had they done so, there would be an entry of it in the ledger, which there certainly is not.

"Can madame remember at what hour they left the house?"

Madame thinks that it was immediately after breakfast—about eleven o'clock—but perhaps the waiters can tell me this.

The waiters are called and questioned. They remember the lady and gentleman perfectly.

"They arrived quite late the first day, and dined about eight o'clock in the evening. They went away the next morning after breakfast, about twelve or one in the day. They paid the bill and walked out arm in arm. They never came back again.

"But their luggage?"

"They had no luggage, m'sieur."

"No luggage!"

"Not a single bag or box of any description. The gentleman had his great-coat upon his arm, and the lady carried a small velvet reticulo."

They were positive of this, because "down there in the kitchen they had talked of it together, and, *mon Dieu!* what fun the cook made of it!"

And the waiters glanced at each other, and grinned at each other at the remembrance of this irresistible joke.

"Can you describe the lady?"

"No, m'sieur. They had two rooms yonder, where the bedchamber opens off the *salon*, and there the lady retired whenever we were in attendance. At the dinner they would not suffer us to wait, but rang whenever they wished the courses removed; and then the lady sat with her veil down, and her bonnet on. It was quite plain that she did not wish to be seen, and that made us try all the more to catch a glimpse at her face. But it was impossible, m'sieur—quite impossible. Her *finesse* was perfect."

"*Eh bien?*—but the gentleman, what was he like?"

"The gentleman! Oh, he was tall and fair. Jeannette thought him handsome; but, at all events, he was very liberal. Paid like a prince."

And this, question them as we will, is all the news that we can obtain. Barthelet, for the first time since we have been together, exhibits a faint emotion in his face, and looks less blank than usual. The emotion, unfortunately, is vexation.

He then dismisses the waiters, asks madame for our bill, and, when it is paid, strolls out into the street, whither we follow him.

"This matter grows difficult," he says, moodily, as if thinking aloud. "We are thrown off the scent entirely now."

"Then all that we have to do is to find it again," interrupts Vogelsang, with a look of dogged resolution. "We must beat every bush in the neighborhood—try every petty village inn and farmhouse all around, till we find the evidences of their track. Why, it must have been some time in the evening of the day they left this place, when Lemaire joined them."

"Of course it was," replies Barthelet, referring to the pocket-book. "He passed the frontier between four and five. It takes about five hours by posting, and about one hour and forty minutes by rail, to travel from Quievrain to Douai. By whichever route, he would meet them that night. The time and place of that meeting once found, the object of our journey will be accomplished, or I am much mistaken."

And now, guided in every respect by our "professional" ally, we proceed upon the search. The first step, says he, is to make inquiry at every livery-stable in the town, though it should take us a week to do it. However, there are but three or four, and to these he pilots us through street and market-place and square, after a peculiar fashion of his own, wherein he leads without seeming to lead us, and by pointing out the road, gliding now before and now behind us, loitering, hastening, and doubling back upon his own footsteps, he dexterously contrives to make us always appear like the party in advance, whilst himself is strolling on carelessly in the rear, looking in at the shop-windows, or walking on the opposite side of the way, with an utterly unconscious face, as if he had no acquaintances and no business in the world.

At no livery-stable or post-house in Douai have they been heard of or seen. The chain of evidence is completely broken, and to find the lost links seems now to be an almost hopeless task.

However, we hire a vehicle, and taking the first road that presents itself, travel in a northerly direction; and after turning aside to many little village, farmhouse, and hamlet by the way, arrive towards dusk at the town of Orchies, where we dine and spend the night.

Alas, the seeking and waiting—

All the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow—
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LOST LINKS.

North, South, East, and West, in every direction for twenty miles round Douai we sought them in vain. Had the earth opened beneath their feet when they went out arm in arm from the Hotel de Flandres that morning of the 18th of October, they could not have disappeared more entirely till the period of their arrival in Paris. Northward, as far as Lille and Tourney; Southward to Cambray and Arras; Eastward to Bethune; and Westward over all the ground lying between Douai and Valenciennes, we searched diligently, and so passed four days more.

We began to despair. Even Monsieur Pierre Corneille Barthelet was heard to murmur occasionally, and Vogelsang became more morose and silent than ever.

It seemed really as if they must have taken the rail from Douai to Paris—yet, in that case, what had become of Theophile, and where had Therese been overtaken by Lemaire? The whole transaction remained a mystery, and suspense became torture.

Matters were in this position, and we were driving slowly along towards the evening of the fourth day, the 20th of October, when Vogelsang proposed suddenly that we should return to Paris.

"This hopeless wandering about is worse than useless," he said. "It will result in nothing. If you do not choose to go back, I will."

"I do not choose to go back," I replied, warmly. "I will not be so easily baffled. I am determined to find my brother before I set foot in Paris again."

"Very well. I go to-morrow morning."

"You may do as you please, Herr Vogelsang. I remain."

"And what does Monsieur Barthelet intend doing?" asked Vogelsang, with a bitter smile. "Is he not yet weary of exploring this picturesque neighborhood?"

Monsieur Barthelet was looking out of the window, and appeared not to hear the question.

Vogelsang repeated it with emphasis.

"Sir," replied the police-agent, still looking out of the window, "I have undertaken this case, and I have no intention of leaving it unfinished. My professional reputation is concerned in it. Hollo, you boy, where does that lane lead to?"

He had let down the glasses now, and was addressing the postboy.

"Over the fields somewhere, monsieur."

"Is there any village?"

"I don't know, monsieur. I think there are a few cottages."

"Well, drive up there."

"I can't, monsieur. The road is not wide enough for the wheels, and up yonder it gets narrower still."

"Then we will walk, and you may go back with the horses."

"But, monsieur—it is such a mean place—it is absolutely the end of the world," remonstrates the post-boy. "Nobody ever goes there."

"No matter. *I* choose to go there; and if I cannot be driven, I will walk."

So saying, Monsieur Barthelet alights and bids us discharge the carriage, wherein, as usual, we obey him implicitly; and so we set off on foot.

The first lane merges into a second, the second into a third, the third into a fourth, and so on, as if they would never end. Long, green quiet lanes, all grass under foot; with holly and thorn bushes on either side; and long trailing boughs laden with blackberries lying across the path; and scant trees standing here and there like lonely sentinels, at irregular distances.

The farther we go the farther we seem to wander from all human habitation. Before us stretch the lanes green and straight—behind us the sun is setting broad and red, on the very verge of the horizon. There is not a cottage or shed anywhere in sight.

Now we come upon two little children gathering wild berries under the hedge, but they can scarcely comprehend us, and the only reply we get is that the houses are farther on, "tout droit."

So straight forward we go, and the night comes creeping up.

Suddenly the lane takes a curve—we see a column of white smoke above the trees—a faint light glimmering through the dusk—an open space of common, and a cluster of small cottages, with a windmill and a little mean tavern in the midst. The tavern is a wretched whitewashed building, with a dunghill before the door, and the words—

HOTEL DE NAMUR

Ici on loge a pied et a cheval

painted in large red letters across the front of the house.

"Hotel, indeed! Miserable as it is, however, we must put up there for the night, for there is no other, and we have been on the road all day since dawn.

Tired, dusty, travel-worn as we are, it would seem that customers so well-dressed are seldom entertained at the Hotel de Namur, for the landlady curtsies, and the landlord bows, and hovers round us, and dusts the chairs before he will suffer us to be seated, and is in an agony of bustling civility.

"Will messieurs please to dine or sup? Do messieurs intend to pass the night here? Shall a fire be lighted in one of the chambers, since we have not, I grieve to say, another *salon?*"

The "*salon*" in which we find ourselves is a long low apartment, with whitewashed walls and sanded floor, and the words *Salle a Manger* painted up over the door. A deal table, some benches and wooden chairs, and a stove, are all the furniture; and two peasants, with a jug of red wine between them, are sitting staring at us with open eyes and mouths in a far corner, near the window.

We decide upon dining up-stairs, order the best dinner they can muster, and sit down by the stove in the public room till ours is prepared. Whereupon landlord and landlady both disappear suddenly, before we can put a single question to either, and an immense confusion of heavy feet overhead and sharp voices in the kitchen is immediately begun. Presently the two rustics finish their wine and withdraw in bashful silence, and we are left with the place to ourselves.

Thus more than an hour passes away without interruption, save once, when a party of three or four men and women enter and call for the landlord; but, finding their custom unheeded and three gentlemen sitting round the stove in the dark room, they retire discontentedly, and return no more.

At length the door opens, and our host, with a napkin thrown over his arm and a candle in his hand, informs us that the chamber is ready and the table served. And really everything is far more comfortable than we had anticipated. The bed has been wheeled on one side; the table-cloth and dishes are plain, but clean; a blazing wood fire is crackling on the hearth, and to travellers so weary matters wear a cheerful appearance.

The landlord will wait upon us himself, and the landlady too. They have provided soup for us, and omelettes, and fowls, and *bouilli*, and a dessert of cheese and apples, and three bottles of Macon wine, and a flask of brandy, which we are assured is "'*reille de cognac*,'—superb—equal to any we could procure in Douai, or even in Paris!"

So faint are we, and so tired, that for several minutes we can do nothing but eat in silence. At length Barthelet speaks.

"You have not many travellers come here, I suppose. Your chief custom is from those in the village, is it not?"

"Our *chief* custom, certainly, is in the village," says the landlord, with an emphasis on "chief;" "but we do entertain travellers sometimes—gentlemen, like yourselves, and even ladies."

"Yes, yes, even ladies," adds the hostess, with some pride. "For instance, messieurs, it is not many days since we lodged two gentlemen and a lady. People of the highest rank, messieurs, who did not care what they paid us!"

Ha! We all paused and involuntarily looked at each other. For some seconds nobody spoke, and then Barthelet resumed:

"Two gentlemen and a lady, you say, who did not care what they paid. They must have been rich, then?"

"Rich, indeed—yes! Monsieur should have seen the lady's beautiful ring and chains, and her cloak all of velvet and lace, fit for an empress! Ah, they *were* rich, and we should not care how many such guests came to the Hotel de Namur!"

Barthelet was silent for some time, and went on with his dinner as if nothing had taken place. As for me, I could not eat another morsel, and even Vogelsang seemed perturbed and restless. Our hosts were in despair. Did not monsieur like the soup? Would monsieur try an omelette? The fowls were delicious—just a little wing? They were afraid that monsieur must be unwell!

I replied that I was too much fatigued to enjoy anything, and finding that I could touch nothing else, I drank a glass of brandy, and tried to swallow a crust of bread that almost choked me.

So the meal draws to a close—the dessert is placed before us, and Barthelet, while leisurely peeling an apple, pursues his inquiries.

"I fancy, Monsieur Callot" (our host's name is Callot), "that your rich customers were friends of ours—friends of whom we are even now in search. Was not the lady very handsome, and the gentleman fair?"

"*Mon Dieu*, yes! The lady was beautiful as an angel, and the gentleman was fair. Both gentlemen, indeed, were fair; but the first was the handsomest. How astonishing that messieurs should know them. But it is charming!"

And both landlord and landlady rub their hands with delight, and then, finding that we do not respond to their congratulations, look surprised and uncomfortable, and full of curiosity.

"So, the first gentleman was the handsomest," says Barthelet, still occupied upon the apple. "Let me see; they must have arrived here about—about three o'clock in the day, did they not?"

"About four, I think, monsieur—about four."

"Just so; about four. And they dined here?"

"Yes, they dined here; but not till nearly eight o'clock in the evening. They waited, do you see, for the other gentleman!"

"Ah, true. They waited, of course. And he arrived in time?"

"Oh, yes, he arrived by a little after seven."

"And they were delighted to see him?"

"Why, monsieur, really—I—that is, I don't think the handsome gentleman seemed very well pleased. He did not seem to be good friends with him at first; and, to tell the truth, my wife did overhear (quite by chance) a little conversation between the first gentleman and his lady that led us to think—Marie, tell the gentleman what you heard them saying."

"Why, gentlemen, you see I was getting ready the table in this very apartment, and they were in there, in the second chamber, and I heard the lady say, 'He will soon be here now.' To which the gentleman replied, 'I am sorry for it. I did not want his company. I never liked him.' And then the lady said, 'But you know how necessary it is for us to be friends with him. And as matters are with us, it is very fortunate for us that he happens to be travelling our way. *If* there be any inquiries made, his absence will confirm everything, and nobody will suspect your identity. Pray be civil to him, for my sake.' And the gentleman said, 'I would do anything for your sake.' And that was all I heard."

"And then, I suppose, he did arrive. Had they any quarrel, these two gentlemen?"

"Quarrel! oh, dear no, they got quite pleasant after the dinner, and when they parted at night, they shook hands. They even took a little walk together in the morning before breakfast."

"Hum! that looked well, certainly. And after breakfast they all went away together!"

"The lady and the red-haired gentleman went away together, monsieur, and followed the handsome gentleman?"

"Followed him! Do you mean to say that he started first, and without madame?"

"Yes, monsieur. He went on farther, when they took the little promenade before breakfast."

"And the other one came back alone?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And what did he say when he came back alone?"

"He said that the gentleman had taken a fancy to go on in advance, and that he had desired madame to follow as soon as she had breakfasted and felt disposed to continue. Heavens! messieurs, what is the matter—you look so strange at me—what is the matter?"

"Murder is the matter," says Barthelet, rising from his seat and suddenly casting off all his assumed indifference. "Murder is the matter. My name is Pierre Corneille Barthelet. I am a detective government agent, and I call upon all here present, in the name of the king and the state, to assist me in the discovery of this crime."

The landlady falls upon her knees with terror—the landlord trembles and turns pale—we have all risen, and are all agitated.

"Who saw them go out together?" asks Barthelet, taking pen, ink, and paper from a small case which he draws from his pocket. "Who saw them go out? I must take your deposition upon every circumstance."

"Oh, dear Virgin!" sobs the landlady. "I saw them go out."

"And what direction did they take?"

"I don't know, indeed, monsieur. I did not look after them."

"Did you, Monsieur Callot?"

"No, monsieur. I was in the kitchen at the time; but—but I think the boy was outside, feeding the poultry. He might have seen them go."

"Let the boy be called."

Barthelet is now writing busily. The vacant look has vanished from his face—he speaks with authority; and I am sitting, dumb and stupified with horror, and my head leaning against the wall.

"The boy, a shambling, awkward fellow in sabots, comes into the room, and is interrogated.

"What is your name?"

"Jean."

"Jean—and what else? You have some other name."

"No, m'sieur. I never remember to have had any other."

"It is true," interposes the landlord. "He is a foundling. We call him Jean."

"Good. Now, Jean, do you remember to have seen two gentlemen leave this house together early in the morning on the 19th day of this month?"

"I remember that the gentlemen went out together before breakfast; but I don't know what day of the month it was."

"Can you recollect in which direction they went?"

"What do you say, sir?"

"Can you recollect which road they went by—whether they turned off to the right or the left after they got outside?"

"They went right over across the common, towards the wood yonder."

"Then there is a wood yonder! Is it a large wood?"

"Oh, no, m'sieur. Quite a little place.—About three or four times as big as the common."

"Can you show us the way there?"

"Yes, m'sieur: by daylight. One could not find one's way there in the night, it is such a deceitful kind of place."

"What do you mean by 'deceitful?'"

"He means, gentlemen," says the landlord, "that it is a troublesome place; and so it is, even in the daytime—full of bushes and holes, and scarcely passable in many parts."

"And is there no pathway through it?"

"There is a pathway, but it is very little used. All of us about these parts would rather go round than through it."

"And you think it would be dangerous to venture there to-night, even if we carried lanterns or torches?"

"I am sure, sir, that if you went, you could not take four steps without some accident."

"Did the gentlemen go into the wood together, Jean?"

"I can't tell, m'sieur. I did not watch them across the common; but they certainly crossed over that way."

"Do you think that either of them knew there was a wood over there?"

"One of them seemed as if he knew his way all about here, m'sieur, and I heard him say so."

"Repeat his words."

"I won't be sure that I say it exactly right, m'sieur; but I think he said, 'I've been in this place before, many years ago, and if you'll trust to my experience, I'll lead the way.'"

"And which of the gentlemen said this?"

"The ugly one, m'sieur."

"And he led the way to the wood?"

"Yes, m'sieur. I would have warned him of the holes and bogs in it, only that he seemed so confident, and they walked away so fast."

"Is this all you know?"

"Yes, m'sieur.

"Enough, Jean; you may go."

And so Barthelet proceeds to record the testimony of the Callots, and defers all farther search to the morrow. The dreary night passes thus, in questioning and writing, and suspicions too dark for words, which merge rapidly into desolate certainties.

A dreary night, indeed!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DELL IN THE WOOD.

The sad day dawns through tears, and a white fog hangs over the landscape as I look forth in the early morning. Barthelet and Vogelsang are sleeping in their chairs, worn out by excitement and long watching, and I alone have been unable to forget the terrible present.

"Oh, if it were but a dream!" I exclaim to myself, as I watch their closed eyelids. "Oh, if it were but a dream, and there were no wood lying out there in the mist!"

The wood! I shuddered at the mere word, and roused them hastily,

"Up! up and be doing! It is day."

Barthelet is awake and on his feet directly. He never seems to require a moment to regain his senses; but passes instantaneously from deep sleep to perfect consciousness, as daylight rushes upon darkness in the tropics.

"I am ready," he says, quickly, taking his hat and glancing towards the window. "Let us call the people of the house. They must go with us as witnesses."

So he goes down and hastens them, while Vogelsang awakes with difficulty. Presently we have all assembled, and are proceeding in a body across the common.

The rain falls slowly, and the melancholy wind sighs over the far hills, and brings down the wet and withered leaves around our heads as we enter the bounds of the wood. It is a quiet, dreary place, dimmed by a half-twilight, and intersected by a labyrinth of tiny paths, like sheep-tracks, which are, however, all choked with brambles and heaps of rotting leaves. The ground is soft, treacherous, full of pits and ruts, and patches of black morass, and is covered, moreover, with moss and poison-weeds, and long rank grass that reaches to our knees, and drenches us with dew and gathered moisture. The trees grow so low that we have to bend aside the branches as we go—the thorny bushes rend our hands and clothes—our feet slip, or sink ankle-deep in slough at every step; and the misting rain comes down, blurring the pale heavens, and wrapping us in a chill embrace.

Thus we force our way through, and emerge at last upon some fields at the farther side of the wood, without having arrived at any result. But we have traversed only one or two paths out of many; and so prepare to return, and take a footway that seems to branch off more towards the centre. Thus in dull silence, wet, weary and cold, with sore hands and heavy hearts, we toil onward; and at last, for the sake of expedition, divide into three parties of two each—Callot and Jean taking one direction, Vogelsang and the woman another, Barthelet and myself a third.

In this way more than an hour passes, and I am almost ready to give up the search, when my companion stops suddenly, and turning to me, says,

"Have any of us been along this path before?"

"I think none!"

"Then look here."

I look, and see a fragment of cloth hanging to a bush at our right hand. Barthelet removes and examines it carefully.

"This shred is of fine Saxony cloth," he says, "and the color dark blue. Have any of our party a blue coat?"

"None that I can remember. The Herr Vogelsang, like myself, wears black, and the man Callot—"

"Has a gray blouse. This is important.—Let us go on."

And Barthelet secures the piece of cloth in his pocket-book, and proceeds very slowly, noting each bush and branch and inch of the way.

Presently the path divides, and takes two opposite directions, the one tending towards the right, the other sloping downward by a steep curve, and leading to a dark dell, where the trees would seem to grow larger and thicker than elsewhere.

At this point the police agent pauses, and scans the ground narrowly—then stooping low, proceeds to gather up the fallen leaves, and cast them on one side.

"See!" he says, eagerly, but with an evident effort to maintain his old, cool, indifferent manner. "See! there have been feet along this path lately. Here are the marks, half-filled with water—the leaves lie deep above them, and have been falling for many days since the prints were made. They go down, you see, into the hollow—and here is a broken bough, where they forced a passage through the brambles. We have it now, sir! we have it now!"

Down, then, down the slippery, steep path, and into the hollow all overgrown with bushes, and marshy as the basin of an empty pond—down to a spot where the mire is trampled over strangely.

"Don't stir a foot, sir," cries Barthelet, flushed and vehement. "Don't stir a foot, or you will efface the trail! Look, look here—where I stand—don't you see that dragging mark along the ground? Something heavy has been hauled all across! It goes right over to the foot of this alder, and is lost in the bushes! Now we must turn up every foot of ground in among these bushes, if we have to go back to the village for hatchets and cut them even with the earth."

Impelled by a feverish dreadful haste, trembling with anguish, yet conscious of a wild strength which I never possessed before, I seized the thorny bushes in my desperate grasp, and—Heavens! the first I touch comes away in my hand without an effort!

The next does the same, and the next, and that which Barthelet holds likewise! They have no root in the soil—their leaves are all yellow and drooping—they have been thrust in there as a blind, a screen, a mask!

And beyond them?

Beyond them, heaped over with more branches and brambles, lies something—something whereat I shudder and stand still—and from beside which a small, black snake writhes away at our approach, and glides swiftly in among the gnarled roots of the surrounding trees!

Barthelet removes the branches in silence.

And there, yes, there, with strength and beauty and desire struck into dust, with his face pressed to the earth and his yellow locks all dabbled in the mire—there, meaner in his abasement, oh, God of mercy! than the meanest of Thy living creatures, lies the body of my brother Theophile!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE'S TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A shimmering glow is on our youth, we think it brilliant then,
Nor dream of life more glorious beyond that narrow ken;
We treasure up our friendships then, and think that they must last,
Or else with us all happiness and lovingness is past;
And as companions one by one go wandering from our side,
We weep our love so early lost, and wish that we had died;
The love so parted from our life, we weep, nor know how full
The wealth of loving makes the heart of all things beautiful.

The power to love, of suffering born, revealeth work to do,
With holy influences blest, our whole life to renew:
A cherished woe becomes in us a fount of tenderness
And pity that we had not known, if we had suffered less.
A softened light is in our eyes, and as we gently look,
From out all human eyes to us, as from an unsealed book,
The utterances of hearts are made—our own especial grief
Forgotten while we minister to wretchedness relief.

And more and more earth's sorrowing ones will gather to our side,
The wealth of being to each poorer, sadder life supplied,
Keepeth love's fountains pure and fresh, exhaustless in its flow,
Until its waters sweep away all trace of selfish woe.
Our own great needs we take to God, and pine no more alone,
Though seldom find we human soul that answereth our own,
But that it is more blessed far to give than to receive,
Is proved by that deep, holy calm in which our spirits live.

The early lights that shone around in youth are fading out,
And shadows gathering overhead enclose our lives about,
While they who met our needs are gone, some to the silent shore,
And some are scattered up and down, to cross our path no more.
Yet 'mid the hush and shutting out the heat and glare of day,
Come glimpses from the life whose splendors die no more away;
The love unconsciously poured out, is safely garnered up,
To give its sweetness to the dregs that mingle in life's cup.

Oh, brothers! who are strong and brave, be humble, good and true,
That those who are not strong nor wise nor good, may cling to you:
Sisters! who wrap yourselves about in pride and worldliness,
And in the little things of life, lose all life's blessedness,
Who look with scorn on any soul for whom the Holy died,
In self-forgetting humbleness lay down your sullen pride,
Impart the joys that ye would find immortal in your breast,
And find yourselves anear to Heaven, in blessing ever blest.

HANNAH E. SEARS.

Harrisburg, Penn.

A BITER BIT.—About lunch-time, one day lately, says an Ayrshire paper, a young gentleman entered the shop of a confectioner, and, standing at the counter, with considerable gusto discussed a pretty large tart. He tendered the good woman in charge a shilling to pay for his repast, which she had to take to a neighboring shop to obtain change. Left alone with the viands, our friend found his appetite return, and he proceeded to help himself to some small, neatly-twisted, and very enticing-looking ginger-snaps, which lay "convenient." He had demolished twelve of these, each being only a bite, when the shopmistress returned. The youngster pointed to the salver by way of inquiring what was the damage, and was rather surprised by the exclamation—"Gude save us; ye hae na eaten ony o' thae snaps?" "Just twal o' them," said the youth; "what for no?" "What for no! because they're medicine for bairns; ilka yin's a dose for a wean; it has twa grains o' jalap an' a grain o' calomel in't; ye've got pheesic for yince, I'm thinkin'." It was enough. How much he paid, or whether he paid at all, we never heard, and how he spent the afternoon we know not; but the next day he was seen wandering perturbedly through the streets, pale, lean, and sorrowful—a warning and a spectacle.

THE IRISHMAN AND THE BULL.—An Irishman was going along the road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated) whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said, "If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think that you had thrown me over this fence on purpose!"

GOOD AND TRUE.—Many years ago, the only inn at Keswick, England, was called the "Cock," and was much frequented by visitors to the Lake districts. But the late excellent Bishop of Landaff, Dr. Richard Watson, happening to reside in the neighborhood, and being universally esteemed and loved, the landlord, out of compliment to his lordship, changed his sign to the "Bishop's Head." Another inn was shortly after opened in the village, and the proprietor selected the "Cock" as his sign. The landlord of the old inn finding that the rival, owing to its name, threatened to deprive him of many of his customers in consequence of the Guide Books recommending the "Cock" as the best inn, wrote under the Bishop's Head at his door, "This is the original Old Cock," to the great amusement of the Bishop, who used to relate the story with much glee.

A DRY JOKE BY A SMOKER.—Mr. P., who deals in coals, met Mr. F., who presides over the destinies of an insurance company, the other day, when the subject of cigars was introduced. Mr. F. told Mr. P. that he had no cigars, but that if P. would get some, he would furnish the money. Accordingly P. took the dime extended to him by his companion, went to Margerum's, and, purchasing two cigars, lighted one, and returning, handed the other to F., who lighted, when converse was resumed. Soon after F., after puffing, and squeezing, and punching his cigar, remarked to P. that he had better luck with the cigar he was puffing freely away upon than had fallen to his own lot. "I shouldn't wonder," replied P., "for I gave eight cents for mine, and only two for yours." The joke to F. is better than a box of the choicest Havanas.—*Springfield Republican.*

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—"Mr. Brads, you say you know the defendant—what is his character?"

"For what, sir—spreeing or integrity?"

"For integrity, sir."

"Well, all I can say about Jones is, that if he's honest, he's got a queer way of showing it, that's all!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just this—that the night before he dines on turkey, somebody's poultry coop is always broken open."

"That will do, Mr. Brads."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER I.

IN SECRET.

The traveller fared slowly on his way who fared toward Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. More than enough of bad roads, bad equipages, and bad horses, he would have encountered to delay him, though the fallen and unfortunate King of France had been upon his throne in all his glory; but the changed times were fraught with other obstacles than these. Every town gate and village taxing-house had its band of citizen-patriots, with their national muskets in a most explosive state of readiness, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, or stopped them and laid them in hold, as their capricious judgment or fancy deemed best for the dawning Republic One and Indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

A very few French leagues of his journey were accomplished when Charles Darnay began to perceive that for him along these country roads there was no hope of return until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris. Whatever might befall now, he must on to his journey's end. Not a mean village closed upon him, not a common barrier dropped across the road behind him, but he knew it to be another iron door in the series that was barred between him and England. The universal watchfulness so encompassed him, that if he had been taken in a net, or were being forwarded to his destination in a cage, he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone.

This universal watchfulness not only stopped him on the highway twenty times in a stage, but retarded his progress twenty times in a day, by riding after him and taking him back, riding before him and stopping him by anticipation, riding with him and keeping him in charge. He had been days upon his journey in France alone, when he went to bed tired out, in a little town on the high-road, still a long way from Paris.

Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far. His difficulty at the guard-house in this small place had been such that he felt his journey to have come to a crisis. And he was, therefore, as little surprised as a man could be to find himself awakened, at the small inn to which he had been remitted until morning, in the middle of the night.

Awakened by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps, and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant," said the functionary, "I am going to send you on to Paris, under an escort."

"Citizen, I desire nothing more than to get to Paris, though I could dispense with the escort."

"Silence!" growled a red-cap, striking at the coverlet with the butt-end of his musket. "Peace, aristocrat!"

"It is as the good patriot says," observed the timid functionary. "You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort—and must pay for it."

"I have no choice," said Charles Darnay.

"Choice! Listen to him!" cried the same scowling red-cap. "As if it was not a favor to be protected from the lamp-iron!"

"It is always as the good patriot says," observed the functionary. "Rise and dress yourself, emigrant."

Darnay complied, and was taken back to the guard-house where other patriots in rough red caps were smoking, drinking, and sleeping, by a watch-fire. Here he paid a heavy price for his escort, and hence he started with it on the wet, wet roads at three o'clock in the morning.

The escort were two mounted patriots in red caps and tricolored cockades, armed with national muskets and sabres, who rode one on either side of him. The escorted governed his own horse, but a loose line was attached to his bridle, the end of which one of the patriots kept girded round his wrist. In this state they set forth, with the sharp rain driving in their faces; clattering at a heavy dragoon trot over the uneven town pavement, and out upon the mire-deep roads. In this state they traversed without change, except of horses and pace, all the mire-deep leagues that lay between them and the capital.

They travelled in the night, halting an hour or two after daybreak, and lying by until the twilight fell. The escort were so wretchedly clothed that they twisted straw round their bare legs, and thatched their ragged shoulders to keep the wet off. Apart from the personal discomfort of being so attended, and apart from such considerations of present danger as arose from one of the patriots being chronically drunk, and carrying his musket very recklessly, Charles Darnay did not allow the restraint that was laid upon him to awaken any serious fears in his breast; for he reasoned with himself that it could have no reference to the merits of an individual case that was not yet stated, and of representations, confirmable by the prisoner in the Abbaye, that were not yet made.

But when they came to the town of Beauvais—which they did at eventide, when the streets were filled with people—he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-yard, and many voices in it called out loudly,

"Down with the emigrant!"

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and, resuming it as his safest place, said:

"Emigrant, my friends! Do you not see me here, in France, of my own will?"

"You are a cursed emigrant," cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner through the press, hammer in hand; "and you are a cursed aristocrat!"

The postmaster interposed himself between this man and the rider's bridle (at which he was evidently making,) and soothingly said,

"Let him be; let him be! He will be judged at Paris."

"Judged!" repeated the farrier, swinging his hammer. "Ay! and condemned as a traitor."

At this the crowd roared approval.

Checking the postmaster, who was for turning his horse's head to the yard (the drunken patriot sat composedly in his saddle, looking on, with the line round his wrist,) Darnay said, as soon as he could make his voice heard—

"Friends, you deceive yourselves, or you are deceived. I am not a traitor."

"He lies!" cried the smith. "He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeited to the people. His cursed life is not his own!"

At the instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, which another instant would have brought upon him, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, the escort rode in close upon his horse's flanks, and the postmaster shut and barred the crazy double gates. The farrier struck a blow upon them with his hammer, and the crowd groaned; but no more was done.

"What is this decree that the smith spoke of?" Darnay asked the postmaster, when he had thanked him, and stood beside him in the yard.

"Truly, a decree for selling the property of emigrants."

"When passed?"

"On the fourteenth."

"The day I left England!"

"Everybody says it is but one of several, and that there will be others—if there are not already—banishing all emigrants, and condemning all to death who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own."

"But there are no such decrees yet?"

"What do I know!" said the postmaster, shrugging his shoulders; "there may be, or there will be. It is all the same. What would you have?"

They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night, and then rode forward again when all the town was asleep.—Among the many wild changes observable on familiar things which make this wild ride unreal, not the least was the seeming rarity of sleep. After long and lonely spurring over dreary roads, they would come to a cluster of poor cottages, not steeped in darkness, but all glittering with lights, and would find the people, in a ghostly manner, in the dead of the night, circling hand in hand round a shrivelled tree of Liberty, or all drawn up together singing a Liberty song. Happily, however, there was sleep in Beauvais that night to help them out of it, and they passed on once more into solitude and loneliness; jingling through the untimely cold and wet, among impoverished fields that had yielded no fruits of the earth that year, diversified by the blackened remains of burned houses, and by the sudden emergence from ambuscade, and sharp reining up across their way, of patriot patrols on the watch on all the roads.

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

"Where are the papers of this prisoner?" demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was summoned out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveller and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had imposed upon him, and which he had paid for.

"Where," repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, "are the papers of this prisoner?"

The drunken patriot had them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle's letter, the same personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far outnumbering the former; and that while ingress into the city for peasants' carts bringing in supplies, and for similar traffic and traffickers, was easy enough, egress, even for the homeliest people, was very difficult. A numerous medley of men and women, not to mention beasts and vehicles of various sorts, was waiting to issue forth; but the previous identification was so strict that they filtered through the barrier very slowly. Some of these people knew their turn for examination to be so far off, that they lay down on the ground to sleep or smoke, while others talked together or loitered about. The red cap and tricolor cockade were universal, both among men and women.

When he had sat in his saddle some half-hour, taking note of these things, Darnay found himself confronted by the same man in authority, who directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he delivered to the escort, drunk and sober, a receipt for the escorted, and requested him to dismount. He did so, and the two patriots, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guard-room smelling of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, and in various neutral states between sleeping and waking, drunkenness and sobriety, were standing and lying about. The light in the guard-house, half-derived from the waning oil-lamps of the night, and half from the overcast day, was in a correspondingly uncertain condition.—Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse, dark aspect presided over these.

"Citizen Defarge," said he, to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on, "is this the emigrant Evremonde?"

"This is the man."

"Your age, Evremonde?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Married, Evremonde?"

"Yes."

"Where married?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. Where is your wife, Evremonde?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. You are consigned, Evremonde, to the Prison of La Force."

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed Darnay. "Under what law, and for what offence?"

The officer looked up from his slip of paper for a moment.

"We have new laws, Evremonde, and new offences since you were here." He said it with a hard smile, and went on writing.

"I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily, in response to that written appeal of a fellow citizen which lies before you. I have come here to clear him and to clear myself. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay. Is not that my right?"

"Emigrants have no rights, Evremonde," was the stolid reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, sanded it, and handed it to Citizen Defarge, with the words, "In secret."

Citizen Defarge motioned with the paper to the prisoner that he must accompany him.—The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

"It is you," said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guard-house steps and turned into Paris, "who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastille that is no more."

"Yes," replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

"My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine-shop in the Quarter Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes!"

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Citizen Defarge, to say, with sudden impatience,

"In the name of that sharp female newly-born and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"You heard me say why a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows, and looking straight before him.

"Indeed, I am lost here. All here is so unprecedented, so changed, so sudden and unfair, that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

"None." Citizen Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

"Will you answer me a single question?"

"Perhaps. According to its nature. You can say what it is."

"In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the world outside?"

"You will see."

"I am not to be buried there, prejudged, and without any means of presenting my case?"

"You will see. But what then? Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons before now."

"But never by me, Citizen Defarge."

Citizen Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady and set silence. The deeper he sank into this silence the fainter hope there was—or so Darnay thought—of his softening in any slight degree. He therefore made haste to say:

"It is of the utmost importance to me (you know, Citizen, even better than I, of how much importance) that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's bank, an English gentlemen who is now in Paris, the simple fact, without comment, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?"

"I will do," Defarge doggedly rejoined, "nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the People. I am the sworn servant of both against you. I will do nothing for you."

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence, he could not but see how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him. A few passers turned their heads, and a few shook their fingers at him as an aristocrat; otherwise, that a man in good clothes should be going to prison was no more remarkable than that a laborer in working clothes should be going to work. In one narrow, dark and dirty street through which they passed, an excited orator, mounted on a stool, was addressing an excited audience on the crimes against the people of the King and the royal family. The few words that he caught from this man's lips first made it known to Charles Darnay that the King was in prison, and that the foreign ambassadors had one and all left Paris. On the road (except at Beauvais) he had heard absolutely nothing. The escort and the universal watchfulness had completely isolated him.

That he had fallen among far greater dangers than those which had developed themselves when he left England, he of course knew now. That perils had thickened about him fast, and might thicken faster and faster yet, he of course knew now. He could not but admit to himself that he might not have made this journey if he could have foreseen the events of a few days. And yet his misgivings were not so dark as, imagined by the light of this later time, they would appear. Troubled as the future was, it was the unknown future, and in its obscurity there was ignorant hope. The horrible massacre of prisoners, days and nights long, which, within a few rounds of the clock, was to set a great mark of blood upon the bleased garnering time of harvest, was as far out of his knowledge as if it had been a hundred thousand years away. The "sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine," was hardly known to him, or to the generality of people, by name. The frightful deeds that were to be soon done were probably unimagined at that time in the brains of the doers. How could they have a place in the shadowy conceptions of a gentle mind?

Of unjust treatment in detention and hardship, and in cruel separation from his wife and child, he foreshadowed the likelihood or the certainty; but beyond this he dreaded nothing distinctly. With this on his mind, which was enough to carry into a dreary prison court-yard, he arrived at the prison of La Force.

A man with a bloated face opened the strong wicket, to whom Defarge presented "the Emigrant Evremonde."

"What the Devil! How many more of them!" exclaimed the man with the bloated face.

Defarge took his receipt without noticing the exclamation, and withdrew with his two fellow-patriots.

"What the Devil, I say again!" exclaimed the jailor, left with his wife. "How many more?"

The jailor's wife being provided with no answer to the question, merely replied,

"One must have patience, my dear!"

Three turnkeys, who entered responsive to a bell she rang echoed the sentiment, and one added, "For the the love of Liberty;" which sounded in that place like an inappropriate conclusion.

The Prison of La Force was a gloomy prison, dark and filthy, and with a horrible smell of foul sleep in it. Extraordinary how soon the noisome flavor of imprisoned sleep becomes manifest in all such places that are ill-cared for!

"In secret, too," grumbled the jailor, looking at the written paper. "As if I was not already full to bursting!"

He stuck the paper on a file, in an ill-humor, and Charles Darnay awaited his further pleasure for half an hour; sometimes pacing to and fro in the strong arched room; sometimes resting on a stone seat; in either case detained to be imprinted on the memory of the chief and his subordinates.

"Come!" said the chief, at length, taking up his keys, "come with me, emigrant."

Through the dismal prison twilight his new charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors clanging and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sewing and embroidering; the men were, for the most part, standing behind their chairs or lingering up and down the room.

In the instinctive association of prisoners with shameful crime and disgrace, the newcomer recoiled from this company. But the crowning unreality of this long and unreal ride was, their all at once rising to receive him, with every refinement of manner known to the time, and with all the engaging graces and courtesies of life.

So strangely clouded were these refinements by the prison manners and gloom, so spectral did they become in the appropriate squalor and misery through which they were seen, that Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead. Ghosts all! The ghost of beauty, the ghost of stateliness, the ghost of elegance, the ghost of pride, the ghost of frivolity, the ghost of wit, the ghost of youth, the ghost of age, all waiting their dismissal from the desolate shore, all turning on him eyes that were changed by the death they had died in coming there.

It struck him motionless. The jailor standing at his side, and the other jailors moving about, who would have been well enough as to appearance in the ordinary exercises of their functions, looked so extravagantly coarse contrasted with sorrowing mothers and blooming daughters who were there—with the apparitions of the coquette, the young beauty, and the mature woman delicately bred—that the inversion of all experience and likelihood which the scene of shadows presented was heightened to its utmost. Surely, ghosts all. Surely, the

long unreal ride some progress of disease that had brought him to these gloomy shades!

"In the name of the assembled companions in misfortune," said a gentleman of courtly appearance and address, coming forward, "I have the honor of giving you welcome to La Force, and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon terminate happily! It would be an impertinence elsewhere, but it is not so here, to ask your name and condition?"

Charles Darnay roused himself, and gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

"But I hope," said the gentleman, following the chief jailor with his eyes, who moved across the room, "that you are not in secret?"

"I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so."

"Ah, what a pity! We so much regret it! But take courage; several members of our society have been in secret at first, and it has lasted but a short time." Then he added, raising his voice, "I grieve to inform the society—in secret."

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door, where the jailor awaited him, and many voices—among which the soft and compassionate voices of women were conspicuous—gave him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grated door to render the thanks of his heart; it closed under the jailor's hand; and the apparitions vanished from his sight forever.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps (the prisoner of half an hour already counted them,) the jailor opened a low, black door, and they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

"Yours," said the jailor.

"Why am I confined alone?"

"How do I know!"

"I can buy pen, ink, and paper?"

"Such are not my orders. You will be visited, and can ask then. At present, you may buy your food, and nothing more."

There were in the cell, a chair, a table, and a straw mattrass. As the jailor made a general inspection of these objects, and of the four walls, before going out, a wandering fancy wandered through the mind of the prisoner leaning against the wall opposite to him, that this jailor was so unwholesomely bloated, both in face and person, as to look like a man who had been drowned and filled with water. When the jailor was gone, he thought, in the same wandering way, "Now am I left, as if I were dead." Stopping then to look down at the mattrass, he turned from it with a sick feeling, and thought, "And here in these crawling creatures is the first condition of the body after death."

"Five paces by four and a-half, five paces by four and a-half, five paces by four and a-half." The prisoner walked to and fro in his cell, counting its measurement, and the roar of the city arose like muffled drums with a wild swell of voices added to them. "He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes." The prisoner counted the measurement again, and paced faster, to draw his mind with him from that latter repetition. "The ghosts that vanished when the wicket closed. There was one among them, the appearance of a lady dressed in black, who was leaning in the embrasure of a window, and she had a light shining upon her golden hair, and she looked like * * * * Let us ride on again, for God's sake, through the illuminated villages with the people all awake! * * * * He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes. * * * * Five paces by four and a-half." With such scraps tossing and rolling upward from the depths of his mind, the prisoner walked faster and faster, obstinately counting and counting; and the roar of the city changed to this extent—that it still rolled in like muffled drums, but with the wail of voices that he knew, in the swell that rose above them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ASTONISHING APPLE TREE.—In Mr. Medina's garden at the Bay State Branch, California, is an apple tree four years old, about seven and one-half feet high, and not more than two inches in diameter at the thickest part of the trunk, which has one thousand and fifty apples upon its branches—not pigmies at that.

A SUIT TO RECOVER CARDINAL RICHELIEU'S HEAD.—It is rumored in Paris, that the State is about to bring an action against a private individual for the restitution of Cardinal Richelieu's head, which was cut off when the mob broke into the chapel of the Sorbonne, at the time of the great revolution, and has hitherto been kept as an heirloom in the family of a deputy, into whose hands it fell.

A NEW fancy which has seized upon Parisian belles, (says the Court Journal,) is the crusade against bonnets, and which, it is said, the Empress is quite willing to join. Two ladies of the highest fashion are already to be seen daily driving in the Bois with no other coiffure than a lace veil, of square form, thrown over the hair, which is full dressed and ornamented with bows of ribbons.

ADVANTAGES OF BATHING.—It is a fact, officially recorded, that during the terrible visitations of cholera in France, out of nearly 16,228 subscribers to the public baths of Paris, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, only two deaths among them were ascribed to cholera. We doubt whether there exists a more effectual preventative of disease of every kind, and a greater promoter of good health at all times, than the practice of bathing.

DR. ROBERT M. GRAHAM recently died at New Orleans, from the effects of a pistol shot, fired by Ernest Toledano. The New York papers since received, state that this is the same Graham who was tried in New York, in 1854, for killing Col. Charles Loring, of California, at the St. Nicholas Hotel. He was convicted of manslaughter, and sent to Sing Sing prison, where he served out a year and a-half of his time, and was then weakly pardoned out by Governor Clark.

THE FREE NEGRO LAW IN LOUISIANA.—The recent Louisiana statutes in relation to free negroes went into active effect on the 1st inst. By this law free negroes born without the State must leave it within sixty days of the above date, or go into slavery—being allowed to choose their own masters in the event of taking the latter alternative.

AT a meeting of the Mersey Dock Board, Mr. Mac Iver stated that, as soon as the result of the Great Eastern's trial trip was known, the Cunard Company intended, if that trial was successful, to order the construction of a vessel, for their service, of great size. He also stated that they were now building eight large steamers, including one paddle-wheel vessel, larger than the Persia.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 187—Adults 80, and children 107.

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The courage, like the talent, of common men, runs in a narrow groove. Take them but an inch out of that, and they are done. Martin's courage was perfect as far as it went. He had met and baffled many dangers in the course of his rude life; and these familiar dangers he could face with Spartan fortitude, almost with indifference: but he had never been hunted by a blood-hound; nor had he ever seen that brute's unerring instinct baffled by human cunning. Here then a sense of the supernatural combined with novelty to unsteel his heart. After going a few steps he leaned on his bow, and energy and hope oozed out of him. Gerard, to whom the danger appeared slight in proportion as it was distant, urged him to flight.

"What avails it," said Martin, sadly; "if we get clear of the wood we shall die cheap; here, hard-by, I know a place where we may die dear."

"Alas! good Martin," cried Gerard: "despair not so quickly: there must be some way to escape."

"Oh, Martin!" cried Margaret. "What if we were to part company? Gerard's life alone is forfeit! is there no way to draw the pursuit on us twain, and let him go safe?"

"Girl, you know not the blood-hound's nature. He is not on this man's track, or that; he is on the track of blood. My life on't, they have taken him to where Ghysbrecht fell, and from Ghysbrecht's blood to the man that shed it that cursed hound will lead them, though Gerard should run through an army, or swim the Meuse." And again he leaned upon his bow, and his head sank.

The hound's mellow voice rang through the wood.

> A cry more tuneable
> Was never hallooed to, nor cheered with horn,
> In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly.

Strange that things beautiful should be terrible and deadly. The eye of the boa constrictor while fascinating its prey is lovely. No royal crown holds such a jewel; it is a ruby with the emerald's green light playing ever upon it. Yet the deer that sees it, loses all power of motion, and trembles and awaits his death; and even so to compare hearing with sight, this sweet and mellow sound seemed to fascinate Martin Wittenhaagen. He stood uncertain, bewildered, and unnerved. Gerard was little better now. Martin's last words had daunted him. He had struck an old man and shed his blood, and by means of that very blood blood's four-footed avenger was on his track. Was not the finger of Heaven in this?

Whilst the men were thus benumbed, the woman's brain was all activity. The man she loved was in danger.

"Lend me your knife," said she to Martin. He gave it her.

"But 'twill be little use in your hands," said he.

Then Margaret did a sly thing. She stepped behind Gerard, and furtively drew the knife across her arm, and made it bleed freely: then stooping, smeared her hose and shoes: and still as the blood trickled she smeared them; but so adroitly that neither Gerard nor Martin saw. Then she seized the soldier's arm.

"Come, be a man!" she said, haughtily, "and let this end. Take us to some thick place, where numbers will not avail our foes."

"I am going," said Martin, sulkily. "Hurry avails not: we can't shun the hound, and the place is hard by;" then turning to the left, he led the way, as men go to execution.

He soon brought them to a thick hazel coppice, like the one that had favored their escape in the morning.

"There," said he, "this is but a furlong broad, but it will serve our turn."

"What are we to do?"

"Get through this, and wait on the other side: then as they come straggling through, shoot three, knock two on the head, and the rest will kill us."

"Is that all you can think of," said Gerard.

"That is all."

"Then, Martin Wittenhaagen, I take the lead; for you have lost your head. Come, can you obey so young a man as I am."

"Oh! yes, Martin," cried Margaret, "do not gainsay Gerard! He is wiser than his years."

Martin gave a sullen assent, and they entered the thick coppice.

When they had painfully travelled through half the brush-wood, the bloodhound's deep bay came nearer and nearer, louder and louder.

Margaret trembled.

Martin went down on his stomach and listened.

"I hear a horse's feet."

"No," said Gerard. "I doubt it is a mule's. That cursed Ghysbrecht is still active, none other would follow me up so bitterly."

"Never strike your enemy but to slay him, said Martin, gloomily.

"I'll hit harder this time, if Heaven gives me the chance," said Gerard.

At last they worked through the coppice, and there was an open wood. The trees were large, but far apart, and no escape possible that way.

And now with the hound's bay mingled a score of voices, whooping and hallooing.

"The whole village is out after us," said Martin.

"I care not," said Gerard. "Listen, Martin. The hound will gain on the men, and as soon as he comes out of the coppice, we will kill him."

"The hound! There are more than one!"

"I hear but one."

"Ay! but one speaks, the others run mute; but let the leading hound lose the scent, then another shall give tongue. There will be three dogs at least, or devils in dogs' hides."

"Then we must kill three, instead of one. The moment they are dead, into the coppice again, and go right back."

"That is a good thought, Gerard!" said Martin, lifting his head.

"Hush! the men are in the wood."

Gerard now gave his orders in a whisper.

"Stand you with your bow by the side of the coppice—there, in the ditch! I will go but a few yards to you oak-tree, and hide behind it; the dogs will follow me, and as they come out shoot as many as you can, the rest will I brain as they come round the tree!"

Martin's eye flashed. They took up their places.

The hooping and hallooing came closer and closer and closer, and even the rustling of the young wood was heard, and every now and then the unerring bloodhound gave a single bay.

Oh! it was terrible! the branches rustling nearer and nearer, and the inevitable struggle for life and death coming on minute by minute, and that death-knell leading it. A trembling hand was laid on Gerard's shoulder. It made him start violently.

"Martin says, if we are forced to part company, make for that high ash tree we came in by."

"Yes! yes! yes! but go back, for Heaven's sake! don't come here!"

She ran back towards Martin; but, ere she could get to him, suddenly a huge dog burst out of the coppice, and stood erect a moment. He never noticed Margaret. But he lowered his nose an instant, and the next moment, with an awful yell, sprang straight at Gerard's tree, and rolled head-over-heels dead as a stone, literally spitted by an arrow from the bow that twanged beside the coppice in Martin's hand. That same moment out came another hound and smelt his dead comrade. Gerard rushed out at him: but ere he could use his cudgel, a streak of white lightning seemed to strike the hound, and he grovelled in the dust, wounded desperately, but not killed, and howling piteously.

Gerard had not time to dispatch him: the coppice rustled too near: it seemed alive with men. Pointing wildly to Martin to go back, Gerard ran a few yards to the right, then crept cautiously into the thick coppice just as three men burst out. These had headed their comrades considerably; the rest were following at various distances. Gerard crawled back almost on all-fours. Instinct taught Martin and Margaret to do the same upon their line of retreat. Thus, within the distance of a few yards, the pursuers and pursued were passing one another upon opposite tracks.

A loud cry announced the discovery of the dead and the wounded hound. Then followed a babble of voices, still swelling as fresh pursuers reached the spot. The hunters, as usual on a surprise, were wasting time, and the hunted ones were making the most of it.

"I hear no more hounds," whispered Martin to Margaret, and he was himself again.

It was Margaret's turn to tremble and despair.

"Oh! why did we part with Gerard? They will kill my Gerard, and I not near him!"

"Nay, nay! the head to catch him is not on their shoulders. You bade him meet us at the ash-tree."

"And so I did! Bless you, Martin, for thinking of that—to the ash-tree!"

"Ay! but with less noise."

They were now nearly at the edge of the coppice, when suddenly they heard whooping and hallooing behind them. The men had satisfied themselves the fugitives were in the coppice, and were beating back.

"No matter," whispered Martin to his trembling companion. "We shall have time to win clear and slip out of sight by hard running. Ah!"

He stopped suddenly; for just as he was going to burst out of the brush-wood, his eye caught a figure keeping sentinel. It was Ghysbrecht van Swieten seated on his mule, a bloody bandage was across his nose, the bridge of which was broken; but over this his eyes peered keenly, and it was plain by their expression he had heard the fugitives rustle, and was looking out for them. Martin muttered a terrible oath, and cautiously strung his bow, then with equal caution fitted his last arrow to the string. Margaret put her hands to her face, but said nothing. She saw this man must die or Gerard. After the first impulse she peered through her fingers, her heart panting audibly.

The bow was raised, and the deadly arrow steadily drawn to its head, when at that moment an active figure leaped on Ghysbrecht from behind so swiftly, it was like a hawk swooping on a pigeon. A shirt went over the Burgomaster, and, in a turn of the hand, his head was muffled in it, and he was whirled from his seat and fell heavily upon the ground, where he lay groaning with terror: and Gerard jumped down after him.

"Hist, Martin! Martin!"

Martin and Margaret came out, the former open-mouthed, crying,

"Now fly! fly! while they are all in the thicket; we are saved!"

At this crisis, when safety seemed at hand, as fate would have it, Margaret, who had borne up so bravely till now, began to succumb, partly from loss of blood.

"Oh, my beloved! fly!" she gasped. "Leave me, for I am faint!"

"No! no!" screamed Gerard. "Death together, or safety! Ah! the mule! mount her; you and I'll—"

In a moment Martin was on the mule, and Gerard raised the fainting girl in his arms and placed her in the saddle, and relieved Martin of his bow.

"Help! treason! murder! murder!" shrieked Ghysbrecht, rising on his hams.

"Silence, cur!" roared Gerard, and trode him down again by the throat as men crush an adder. "Now, have you got her firm? Then fly! for our lives!"

But even as the mule, urged suddenly by Martin's heel, scattered the flints with his hind hoofs ere he got into a canter, and even as Gerard withdrew his foot from Ghysbrecht's throat to run, Dierich Brower and his five men, who had come back for orders, and heard the Burgomaster's cries, burst roaring out of the coppice on them.

CHAPTER XXV.

Speech is the familiar vent of human thoughts: but there are emotions so simple and overpowering, that they rush out not in words, but in eloquent sounds. At such moments man seems to lose his characteristics, and to be merely one of the higher animals; for these when greatly agitated ejaculate, though they cannot speak.

There was something terrible and truly animal both in the roar of triumph with which the pursuers burst out of the thicket on our fugitives, and in the sharp cry of terror with which these latter darted away. The pursuer's hands clutched the empty air, scarce two feet behind them, as they fled for life. Confused for a moment, like lions that miss their spring, Dierich and his men let Gerard and the mule put ten yards between them. Then they flew after with uplifted weapons. They were sure of catching them; for this was not the first time the parties had measured speed. In the open ground they had gained visibly on the trio this morning, and now, at last, it was a fair race again, to be settled by speed alone. A hundred yards were covered in no time. Yet still there remained these ten yards between the pursuers and the pursued.

This increase of speed since the morning puzzled Dierich Brower. But I think I understand it. When three run in company, the pace is that of the slowest of the three. From Peter's house to the edge of the forest Gerard ran Margaret's pace; but now he ran his own; for the mule was fleet, and could have left them all far behind. Moreover, youth and chaste living began to tell. Daylight grew imperceptibly between the hunted one and the hunters. Then Dierich made a desperate effort, and gained two yards; but in a few seconds Gerard had stolen them quickly back. The pursuers began to curse.

Martin heard, and his face lighted up.

"Courage, Gerard! courage, brave lad! they are straggling."

It was so. Dierich was now headed by one of his men, and another dropped into the rear altogether.

They came to a rising ground, not sharp, but long; and here youth, and grit, and honest living, told more than ever.

Ere he reached the top, Dierich's forty years weighed him down like forty bullets.

"Our cake is dough," he gasped. "Take him dead, if you can't alive:" and he left off running, and followed at a foot's pace. Jorian Ketel tailed off next; and then another, and so, one by one, Gerard ran them all to a stand still, except one who kept on staunch as a blood-hound, though losing ground every minute. His name, if I am not mistaken, was Eric Wouverman. Followed by this one, they came to a rise in the wood, shorter but much steeper than the last.

"Hand on mane!" cried Martin.

Gerard obeyed, and the mule helped him up the hill faster even than he was running before.

At the sight of this manœuvre, Dierich's man lost heart, and, being now full eighty yards behind Gerard, and rather more than that in advance of his nearest comrade, he pulled up short, and in obedience to Dierich's order, took down his cross-bow, levelled it deliberately, and just as the trio were sinking out of sight, over the crest of the hill, sent the bolt whizzing among them.

There was a cry of dismay; and, next moment, as if a thunderbolt had fallen on them, they were all lying on the ground, mule and all.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The effect was so sudden and magical, that the shooter himself was stupefied for a moment. Then he hailed his companions to join him in effecting the capture, and himself set off up hill: when up rose the figure of Martin Wittenhaagen with a bent bow in his hand. Eric Wouverman no sooner saw him in this attitude, than he darted behind a tree, and made himself as small as possible. Martin's skill with that weapon was well known, and the slain dog was a keen reminder of it.

Wouverman peered round the bark cautiously: there was the arrow's point still aimed at him. He saw it shine. He dared not move from his shelter.

When he had been at peep-bo some minutes, his companions came up, and then, with a scornful laugh, Martin vanished, and presently was heard to ride off on the mule.

All the men ran up together. The high ground commanded a view of a narrow but almost interminable glade.

They saw Gerard and Margaret running along at a prodigious distance; they looked like gnats; and Martin galloping after them *centre a terre*.

The hunters were outwitted as well as outrun. A few words will explain Martin's conduct. We arrive at causes by noticing coincidences: yet, now and then, coincidences are deceitful. As we have all seen a hare tumble over a briar just as the gun went off, and so raise expectations, then dash them to the earth by scudding away untouched, so the Burgomaster's mule put her foot in a rabbit-hole, at or about the time the cross-bow bolt whizzed innocuous over her head: she fell and threw both her riders. Gerard caught Margaret, but was carried down by her weight and impetus. Thus in a moment the soil was strewed with dramatis personæ.

The docile mule was up again directly, and stood trembling. Martin was next, and looking round found out there was but one in pursuit; on this he made the young lovers fly on foot, while he checked the enemy as I have recorded.

He now galloped after his companions, and when after a long race, he caught them, he instantly put Gerard and Margaret on the mule, and ran by their side, till his breath failed, then took his turn to ride, and so in rotation. Thus the runner was always fresh, and long ere they relaxed their speed, all sound and trace of them was hopelessly lost to Dierich and his men. These latter went crest-fallen back to look after their chief.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Life and liberty, while safe, are little thought of: for why?—they are matters of course. Endangered, they are rated at their real value. In this, too, they are like sunshine, whose beauty men notice not at noon when it is greatest, but towards evening when it lies in flakes of topaz under shady elms. Yet it is feebler then; but gloom lies beside it and reveals its fire. Thus Gerard and Margaret, though they started at every leaf that rustled louder than its fellows, glowed all over with joy and thankfulness as they glided among the friendly trees in safety and deep tranquil silence, baying dogs and brutal voices yet ringing in their mind's ears.

But presently Gerard found stains of blood on Margaret's ankles.

"O, Martin! Martin! help! they have wounded her; the cross-bow!"

"No, no!" said Margaret, smiling to re-assure him. "I am not wounded, nor hurt at all."

"But what is it, then, in Heaven's name?" cried Gerard, in great agitation.

"Do not scold me, then!" and Margaret blushed.

"Did I ever scold you?"

"No, dear Gerard. Well, then, Martin said it was blood those cruel dogs followed; so I thought if I could but have a little blood on my shoon the dogs would follow me instead, and let my Gerard win free. So I scratched my arm with Martin's knife—forgive me! Whose else could I take? Yours, Gerard? Ah, no. You forgive me?"

"Let me see this scratch first," said Gerard, choking with emotion. "There, I thought so. A scratch? I call it a cut—a deep, terrible, cruel cut."

Gerard shuddered at sight of it.

"She might have done it with her bodkin," said the soldier. "Milksop! that sickens at sight of a scratch and a little blood."

"No, no. I could look on a sea of blood; but not on hers. Oh, Margaret! how could you be so cruel?"

Margaret smiled with love ineffable.

"Foolish Gerard," murmured she, "to make so much of nothing." And she flung the guilty arm round his neck. "As if I would not give all the blood in my heart for you, let alone a few drops from my arm." And the next moment, under the sense of his recent danger, she wept on his neck for pity and love; and he wept with her.

"And I must part from her," he sobbed, "we two that love so dear—one must be in Holland, one in Italy. Ah me! ah me! ah me!"

At this Margaret wept afresh, but patiently and silently. Instinct is never off its guard, and with her unselfishness was an instinct. To utter her present thoughts would be to add to Gerard's misery at parting, so she wept in silence.

Suddenly they emerged upon a beaten path, and Martin stopped.

"This is the bridle-road I spoke of," said he, gravely, "and there away lies the hostelry."

Margaret and Gerard cast a scared look at one another.

"Come a step with me, Martin," whispered Gerard. When he had drawn him aside, he said to him in a broken voice, "Oh, Martin! watch over her for me! She is my wife—yet I leave her. See, Martin! here is gold—it was for my journey; it is no use my asking her to take it—she would not; but you will for her, will you not? Oh, Heaven! and is this all I can do for her? Money? But poverty is a curse. You will not let her want for anything, Martin? The Burgomaster's silver is enough for me."

"Thou art a good lad, Gerard. Neither want nor harm shall come to her. I care more for her little finger than for all the world; and were she nought to me, even for thy sake would I be a father to her. Go with a stout heart, and God be with thee going and coming." And the rough soldier wrung Gerard's hand, and turned his head away.

After a moment's silence, he was for going back to Margaret; but Gerard stopped him. "No, good Martin; prithee, stay here behind this thicket, while I—Oh, Martin! Martin!"

By this means Gerard escaped a witness of his anguish at leaving her he loved, and Martin escaped a piteous sight, on which I myself would rather not dwell. He did not see the poor young things kneel and renew before Heaven those holy vows cruel men had interrupted. He did not see them cling together like one, and then try to part, and fail, and return to one another, and cling again, like drowning, despairing creatures. But he heard Gerard sob, and sob, and Margaret moan.

At last there was a wild cry, and feet pattered on the hard road.

He started up, and there was Gerard running wildly, with both hands clasped above his head, in prayer, and Margaret tottering towards him with palms extended piteously, as if for help, and ashy cheek, and eyes fixed on vacancy.

He caught her in his arms, and spoke words of comfort to her; but her mind could not take them in; only at the sound of his voice she held him tight, and trembled violently.

He got her on the mule, and put his arm round her, and so, supporting her frame, which was now all relaxed and powerless, he took her slowly and sadly home.

She did not shed one tear, nor speak one word.

At the edge of the wood he took her off the mule, and bade her go across to her father's house. She did as she was bid.

Martin to Rotterdam. Sevenbergen was too hot for him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Jorian Ketel came to Peter's house to claim Margaret' promise; but Margaret was ill in bed, and Peter on hearing his errand, affronted him and warned him off the premises, and one or two that stood by were for ducking him; for both father and daughter were favorites, and the whole story was in every mouth, and the Sevenbergeans in that state of hot, undiscriminating irritation which accompanies popular sympathy.

So Jorian Ketel went off in dudgeon, and repented him of his good deed. This sort of penitence is not rare, and has the merit of being sincere. Dierich Brower, who was discovered at "The Three Kings," making a chatter-box drunk in order to worm out of him the whereabouts of Martin Wittenhaagen, was actually taken and flung into a horse-pond, and threatened with worse usage, should he ever show his face in the burgh again: and finally, municipal jealousy being roused, the Burgomaster of Sevenbergen sent a formal missive to the Burgomaster of Tergou, reminding him he had overstepped the law, and requesting him to apply to the authorities of Sevenbergen on any future occasion when he might have a complaint, real or imaginary, against any of the townsfolk.

The wily Ghysbrecht, suppressing his rage at this remonstrance, sent back a civil message to say that the persons he had followed to Sevenbergen was a Tergovan, one Gerard, and that he had stolen the town records; that Gerard having escaped into foreign parts, and probably taken the documents with him, the whole matter was at an end; and that he should not think of molesting his friend Peter Brandt, now there was no longer any good to be gained by it.

Thus he made a virtue of necessity. But in reality his calmness was but a veil; baffled at Sevenbergen, he turned his views elsewhere. He set his emissaries to learn from the family at Tergou whither Gerard had fled, and to his infinite surprise he found they did not know. This added to his uneasiness. It made him fear Gerard was only lurking in the neighborhood; he would make a certain discovery, and would come back and take a terrible revenge. From this time Dierich and others that were about him noticed a change for the worse in Ghysbrecht Van Swieten. He became a moody, irritable man. A dread lay on him. His eyes were for ever casting furtive glances like one who expects a blow, and knows not from what quarter it is to come. Making others wretched had not made him happy. It seldom does. The little family at Tergou, which but for his violent interference might in time have cemented its difference without banishing Gerard to a distant land, were still the same outward features, but within was no longer the simple happy family this tale opened with. Little Kate knew the share Cornelis and Sybrandt had had in banishing Gerard, and though, for fear of making more mischief still, she never told her mother, yet there were times she shuddered at the bare sight of them, and blushed at their hypocritical regrets; she could not help it. Catherine, with a woman's vigilance noticed this, and with a woman's subtlety, said nothing, but quietly pondered it, and went on watching for more. The black sheep themselves, in their efforts to partake in the general gloom and sorrow, succeeded so far as to impose upon their father and Giles; but the demure satisfaction that lay at the bottom of them could not escape these feminine eyes—

> That, noting all, seem'd nought to note.

Thus mistrust and suspicion sat at the table, poor substitutes for Gerard's intelligent face that had brightened the whole circle, unobserved till now. As for the old hosier, his pride had been wounded by his son's disobedience, and so he bore stiffly up, and did his best never to mention Gerard's name; but underneath his Spartan cloak, Nature might often be seen tugging at his heart-strings. One anxiety he never affected to conceal. "If I but knew where the boy is, and that his life and health are in no danger, small would be my care," would he say; and then a deep sigh would follow. (I can't help thinking that if Gerard had opened the door just then, and walked in, there would have been many tears and embraces for him, and few reproaches, or none.)

One thing took the old couple quite by surprise—publicity. Ere Gerard had been gone a week, his adventures were in every mouth; and, to make matters worse, the popular sympathy declared itself warmly on the side of the lovers, and against Gerard's cruel parents, and that old busy-body the Burgomaster, "who must put his nose into a business that nowise concerned him."

One feeling in Catherine's mind was bitterly strong, and deprived an unfortunate young creature of a sympathy that she lay longing for, though not daring to hope for it.

"Mother," said Kate, "it is all over the town that Margaret is down with a fever—a burning fever; her father fears her sadly."

"Margaret? what Margaret?" inquired Catherine, with a treacherous assumption of calmness and indifference.

"Oh, mother! whom should I mean? Why Gerard's Margaret."

"Gerard's Margaret!" screamed Catherine; "how dare you say such a word to me? And I rede you never mention that hussy's name in this house, that she has laid bare. She is the ruin of my poor boy;—the flower of all my flock. She is the cause that he is not a holy priest in the midst of us, but is roaming the world, and that I am a desolate broken-hearted mother. There, do not cry, my girl. I do ill to speak harsh to you. But, oh, Kate! you don't know what passes in a mother's heart. I bear up before you all; it behoves me swallow my fears; but at night I see him in my dreams, and always some trouble or other near him; sometimes I see him torn by wild beasts; sometimes he is in the hands of robbers, and their cruel knives uplifted to strike his poor pale face, that one would think would move a stone. Oh! when I think that while I sit here in comfort, perhaps my poor boy lies dead in some savage place; and all along of that girl; there, her very name is ratsbane to me. I tremble all over when I hear it."

"I'll not say anything, nor do anything to grieve you worse, mother," said Kate, tenderly; but she sighed.

She whose name was so fiercely interdicted in this house, was much spoken of, and even pitied, elsewhere. All Sevenbergen was sorry for her, and the young men and maidens cast many a pitying glance, as they passed at the little window where the beauty of the village lay dying for love. In this familiar phrase they underrated her spirit and unselfishness. Gerard was not dead, and she was too loyal herself to doubt his constancy. Her father was dear to her and helpless; and, but for bodily weakness, all her love for Gerard would not have kept her from doing her duties, though

she might have gone about them with drooping head and heavy heart. But physical and mental excitement had brought on an attack of fever so violent, that nothing but youth and constitution saved her. The malady left her at last, but in that terrible state of bodily weakness in which the patient feels life a burden.

Then it is that love and friendship by the bedside are mortal angels with comfort in their voices, and healing in their palms.

But this poor girl had to come back to life and vigor how she could. Many days she lay alone, and the heavy hours rolled like leaden waves over her. In her enfeebled state, existence seemed a burden, and life a thing gone by. She could not try to get well. Gerard was gone. She had not him to get well for. Often she lay for hours quite still, with the tears welling gently out of her eyes.

But one day, waking from an uneasy slumber, she found two women in her room. One was a servant, the other, by the deep fur on her collar and sleeves, was a person of consideration; a narrow band of silvery hair being spared by her coiffure, showed her to be past the age when women of sense conceal their years. The looks of both were kind and friendly. Margaret tried to raise herself in the bed, but the old lady placed a hand very gently on her.

"Lie still, sweetheart; we come not here to put you about, but to comfort you, God willing. Now cheer up a bit, and tell us first who think you we are?"

"Nay, madam, I know you, though I never saw you before; you are the demoiselle Van Eyck, and this is Richt Heynes. Gerard has often spoken of you, and of your goodness to him. Madam, he has no friend like you near him now," and she lay back, and the tears welled out of her eyes.

The good-natured Richt Heynes began to cry for company: but her mistress scolded her.

"Well, you are a pretty one for a sick-room," said she; and she put out a world of innocent art to cheer the patient; and not without some little success. An old woman that has seen life and all its troubles, is a sovereign blessing by a sorrowful young woman's side. She knows what to say, and what to avoid. She knows how to soothe her and interest her. Ere she had been there an hour she had Margaret's head lying on her shoulder instead of on the pillow, and Margaret's soft eyes dwelling on her with gentle gratitude.

"Ah, this is hair," said the old lady, running her fingers through it. "Come and look at it, Richt!"

Richt came and handled it, and praised it unaffectedly. The poor child that owned it was not quite out of the reach of flattery, (owing, no doubt, to her not being dead).

"In sooth, madam, I did use to think it hideous; but *he* praised it, and ever since then I have been almost vain of it, God forgive me! You know how foolish those are that love."

"They are greater fools that don't," said the old lady, sharply.

Margaret opened her lovely eyes, and looked at her for her meaning.

This was only the first of many visits. In fact, either Margaret Van Eyck or Richt came nearly every day until their patient was convalescent; and she improved rapidly under their hands. Richt attributed this principally to certain nourishing dishes she prepared in Peter's kitchen; but Margaret herself thought more of the kind words and eyes that kept telling her she had friends to live for. Her gratitude to her old friend was ardent and touching, and there was no mistaking its depth and sincerity. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY having attacked Tennyson's Idyls, is thus replied to by Punch:

The Idyls a rhymester asperses—
Oh, Public, rejoice and be glad!
If he were not abusing good verses,
He'd be busily writing some bad.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALLISON'S article in Blackwood, criticising Macaulay and his History, traces Macaulay's pedigree to a Highlander and a Quakeress, and says:

"With Highland and Quaker blood flowing in equal currents through his veins, it is difficult to say whether a Highlander or a Quaker is the more favorite object of his satire and butt for the shafts of his ridicule; whether George Fox or Coll of the Cows comes in for the larger share of his contempt; whether the enthusiast who took off what we are in the habit of considering as the most essential of all garments, to walk in the simplicity of nature through the streets of Litchfield, or the native of the Grampians, who never possessed such an article of dress at all, is the more ridiculous in his eyes; whether, in short, he despises most those who gave birth to his father or mother."

MR. BANKS has been renominated by the Republicans of Massachusetts for Governor by 629 out of 712 votes.

THE Icarian property at Nauvoo, Illinois has recently been sold, the community having proved a failure. It was formed in France, in 1848, by M. Cabet. Sixty-nine of the number came to this country in that year, and settled on the Red River in Texas. Twenty days after they left France the Revolution occurred, which drove others, to the number of five hundred, to the settlement here. In 1849 they removed to Nauvoo, where they existed until the present time, gradually becoming weaker and reduced in number, until they now amount only to one hundred and eighty.—*Milwaukie Sentinel.*

THE Charleston Mercury says that the object of John Mitchell in going to France, is to get Napoleon III. to "relax his opposition to the slave trade under the French flag, if not to legalize it."

SPURGEON.—A correspondent of the Springfield Republican, who went to hear the famous Spurgeon preach, writes that while he has a good voice and an easy, and effective style, he is by no means equal to Henry Ward Beecher, though resembling him in many respects. The writer does not regard Spurgeon as a genius, or a very extraordinary man in any respect; but thinks he owes his success to the fact that Englishmen are so used to hearing a uniform and prosy style of preaching, that they are astonished to hear an earnest and effective preacher speaking naturally to them. This seems to be the universal opinion of all Americans who have listened to this great "sensation" preacher—and we guess "that's so."

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Sept. 24.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; sales of 10,000 bbls at $4,30@4,40 for State, $4,00@5,20 for Ohio, and $5@5,15 for Southern. Wheat heavy, sales of 10,000 bus at a decline of 1@2c; red 112c; Western white 125c; do red 105c. Corn has a declining tendency; sales at 93c. Beef dull. Pork dull. Lard steady. Whiskey is held at 27c, buyers offer 26½c.

THE APPETITES.

It is a very difficult matter with the majority of persons to restrain their appetites; hence we see an abundance of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, and Disorders of the Stomach and Digestive Organs. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will entirely cure these complaints, and restore the system to its original vigor and strength. For sale by druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little export demand for Flour since the close of last week, and with moderate receipts prices rule about stationary, only some 5000 bbls have found buyers in lots for shipment at $5 for superfine, $5,25 for extra, and $5,25@5,50 for extra family, including 250 bbls uninspected at $4,75. Old stock is dull and neglected, and sales are reported at from $3,75 to $4,75, as to brand and freshness. The home demand has been rather more active at from $5 up to $6,50 ₱ bbl for superfine, extras and fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at $3,75@3,87½ for old stock and late made, and $4 ₱ bbl for fresh ground. Corn Meal is not much inquired for, and 400 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $3,50 ₱ bbl, which is the uniform asking rate.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are moderate, but the market, under a limited demand for milling, has been dull and drooping, the sales only including about 20,000 bus, mostly Southern red, in small lots at 116@118c for fair to prime quality, and 125@130c for white, including some prime Tennessee at the latter rate. Rye continues very scarce, and all offered found ready sale at 75c for new Southern, and 80c for old Pennsylvania, the former, if here, would now bring more. Corn has been in good request, and scarce, at a further advance, and about 25,000 bus sold, chiefly southern Pennsylvania yellow, at 80@82c, and 84@87c, in store and afloat, including some damaged lots at 78@82c, and white at 80c, at the close our highest figures were not obtainable. Oats are also better, with sales of 18,000 bus, mostly prime new Delaware, at 36@37c, including some old Pennsylvania at a price kept private. Of Barley there is very little offering or selling, and the market has an upward tendency. Of Barley Malt, some 6000 bus have been sold at 70@90c, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—The stocks generally are very much reduced, and the market is firm. About 500 bbls Mess Pork has been sold, in lots, at $16 ₱ bbl, now held higher. Beef is steady at $12@15½ ₱ ℔ for Western and city packed Mess. Bacon is moving off as wanted at 10½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders of prime quality, with sales of about 200 casks at these rates. Hams are worth 11½@12½c for plain and fancy cured, and the latter rather scarce. Of Green Meats the stocks are very light and the sales limited, at 10@10½c for Hams, 9½c for Sides, and 7½@8c for Shoulders. Lard is firm, with further sales of 750 bbls and tcs, at 11@11½c, mostly at the latter rate for export; kegs are held at 12½c. Butter continues dull, and prices about the same; some 15,000 lbs have been sold at 10@12c, as in quality, for packed, and 14c for roll. Cheese no change. Eggs are not so plenty, and selling at 15c ₱ doz, which is an advance.

COTTON—There is no change to note in prices this week, but the demand has been limited and the sales confined to about 1000 bales, taken in lots, by spinners, at from 10 to 14c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and short time, including middling fair Georgia's at 12½c, and Orleans at 14c, cash; the stocks and receipts are light, but buyers come forward slowly.

BARK is wanted at $28 for 1st No 1, but holders generally ask more, and about 75 hhds have been sold at $28@29, mostly at the latter rate, which is above the views of buyers, and the market closed quiet; tanners' bark is unchanged, with but little offering or selling.

BEESWAX is scarce, and held at 39@40c, but buyers are not disposed to pay these rates.

COAL—The receipts are moderate, and prices scarce, but there is no change to note in the price or demand of Anthracite Coal; nothing doing in Bituminous worthy of notice.

COFFEE—The market is firmer and more active, and the bulk of the recent arrivals, some 10,000 bags Rio have been disposed of in lots, on landing, at from 10½ to 12½c for common to prime quality, on time.

COPPER is dull at quotations. Of Yellow Metal further sales are reported at 20c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering, but the demand is limited at 48@50c for good Western, as to lots.

FRUIT—Apples are abundant and low, for Peaches there is very little demand, the season being about over. Of dried fruit we hear of no sales to establish a quotation.

HEMP—The market continues at a stand, but without any change to note.

HIDES continue dull, and we hear of no sales of any moment this week.

HOPS are but little inquired for, and new crop are selling at 16c ₱ ℔; old are not wanted; we quote at 8@12c for 58's, and 4@6c for 57's.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is firmer, and rather more doing in the way of sales this week, and sales of some 6000 tons, mostly Nos 1 and 2 Anthracite, are reported at $23@23½ for the former, and $22@22½ for the latter, mostly good brands, on time, including 500 tons foundry, on terms we did not learn. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig, and but little stock here. Blooms and Boiler Iron are dull. In manufactured Iron there is not much doing, and no changes to note, and the only transaction we hear of is a sale of street Rails at $54 ₱ ton.

LEAD is inactive A sale of 300 pigs Spanish was made at $5,87½, and 140 pigs Virginia at $5,80 the 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER—The market for good stock is firm, but other kinds are dull. Prices, however, are unchanged, and the market quiet.

LUMBER is dull. White Pine Culling Boards are selling as wanted at $14@16, and Yellow Sap do $14@15 ₱ M. Nothing doing in Laths.

MOLASSES—The market remains inactive, and the only sales we hear of are some 300 hhds, mostly tart Cardenas, at 16c, on time, to come from another market.

PLASTER is rather more inquired for, and two cargoes have been disposed of at $2,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Very little doing, there is some little Cloverseed offering and selling at $5,25@5,50 ₱ bus, mostly at the former rate. Timothy is dull, and sales are reported at $2,37½@2,50 ₱ bus, the latter for prime lots. Domestic Flaxseed is taken on arrival at $1,60 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Foreign are unchanged, and a limited business doing in Brandy and Gin at quotations. N E Rum sells as wanted at 36c. Whiskey has been nearly steady in price this week. Barrels selling moderately at 27c for Pennsylvania; 27@28c for Ohio, as to pkg; 25½c for Drudge, and 26½c for hhds.

SUGAR—The market is firmer and more active, and about 1500 hhds, mostly Cuba, has been taken at 6@6½c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is steady, and we quote city rendered at 10½@11c ₱ ℔.

TOBACCO—The market continues quiet, and a small business doing in Leaf and Manufactured at steady rates. Some small sales of Seed Leaf, Cuba and St Domingo are reported without change in quotations; the demand, however, is small.

WOOL—The market for this staple is firmer and rather more active, but the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limits operations, and the transactions of the past week have been mostly in a small way at full prices, the sales being chiefly domestic wool of fine and medium quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2600 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—50 head I Abrahams, Ills, 8@9½; 61 B Baldwin, Chester co, 8@9½; 32 Hamaker, Ohio, 8½; 80 Murphy & Co, Va, 8@8½; 57 H Chain, Fayette co, 8@9; 67 B Gray, Ohio, 4; 10 Shelby, Berks co, 8@9; 40 Burt Ills, 3½; 37 Coates & Trainor, Chester co, 8@9; 47 H Underwood, 8@9½; 35 Vanleer & Baker, Ohio, 7@7½; 19 S Heffley, Mifflin co, 3. Sheep—6300 head at market, and selling at 7 to 8c ₱ ℔. Cows and Calves—60 head at market, and selling from $25 to 50, according to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—19 head W Forrest, Chester co, 7½@9; 44 P McFillin, do, 8@9, 59 McCabe, Ohio, 8@9; 18 W Alexander, Chester co, 8@9; 22 B Seldomridge, Ills, 7½@8; 49 J Bastable, Md, 7½@8½; 59 Kimble & Kirk, do, 8½@9½; 29 J Brenerman, Lancaster co, 8; 27 J Todd, Chester co, 7@8½.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1500 head were at market, selling at from $7 to 8,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102¼	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99	99½
" " new	102½	103
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'gy City 6 pr ct	65	73
" County	—	—
R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93	93¼
Tenn 6 "	81½	82
" 5 " coupon	76	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	93
N Y City, 872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	136	137
Philadelphia	—	120
Far & Mec	—	58½
Commercial	—	58
N Liberty	63	—
Mechanics	27½	27½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	36
Kensington	64	65
Girard	—	69
Western	—	58
Man & Mec	29½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	43½	—
Consolidation	—	25
Commonwealth	—	34½
Corn Exchange	39½	—
Germantown	—	78
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	116	118
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	106	108
Planters "	113½	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	39½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	6
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark and Frankford R R	60	62
Bonds	—	93
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	106	—
2nd "	90½	—
stock	39½	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	122½	122½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	82	82½
mort 6's '44	90	—
" '56	69½	70
stock	22½	23½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	89½	—
stock	58	58
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	36½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	91
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	51	73
2nd "	—	15
stock	1	2
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	56½	57½
preferred 10 pr ct	80	—
North Penn's R R stock	6½	6½
6 pr ct loan	65	66½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	16½	—
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Mahanoy R R	35	—
Har & Lan R R stock	30	30
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	16
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	67	68
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	33½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern	24	24½
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	70	71
imp, 6 pr ct	70	80
stock	6	8
preferred	16½	16½
Lehigh Nav stock	51	—
mort 6 pr ct	99	—
scrip	25½	26
Morris Consol'd	50½	52
preferred	104½	—
Ches & Del bonds	40	—
	77½	—
Union "	—	34
bonds	25	34
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	5½	6
	30	30

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Sept. 24, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
DELAWARE.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
MARYLAND.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	¼ to ¾ dis	LOUISIANA.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	¾ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	OHIO.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	¾ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
VERMONT.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Old bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ¾ dis	WISCONSIN.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TEXAS.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis	CANADA.	
		Solv bks	1 dis

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Clarke London, Mr. JAMES WARNOCK, to Miss SARAH B. MORELAND, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. STEPHEN H. MARSLEY, to Miss MARY C. RUSSEL.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. German, JOHN T. PEROT, of Utica, New York, to ELIZA A. LUCHUMB JOHNSON, of Delaware.

On the 8th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, to Miss HANNAH A. QUANN, both of this city.

On the 5th of July, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. THOMAS M. ROWE, to Miss ISABELL, daughter of the late Louis Pinot, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Cailhopper, Mr. BENJ. R. GLOVER, of Camden, N. J. to Miss ESTHER Z. daughter of Joseph Bell, of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. HENRY P. LUPBARRY, to Miss ELIZABETH VOGLE.

On the 19th of Aug. by the Rev. A. Christman, Mr. JAMES FELL, to Miss MARY LIGHTHOUSE, both of Wilmington, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th ultimo, JOHN HUTCHINSON, aged 46 years.

On the 19th ultimo, MARYNA, wife of Jos. Mawson, aged 58 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. FRANKLIN ROREN, aged 37 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH ROGERS, aged 68 years.

On the 20th ultimo, GEORGE W. LOWNSBURY, aged 58 years.

On the 17th ultimo, Mrs. CHRISTIANNA LUKMANN, aged 64 years.

On the 17th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE BURR, aged 75 years.

On the 16th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH NOBLE, aged 60 years.

On the 18th ultimo, ALMIRA H. wife of Benj. C. Cooper.

On the 15th ultimo, CHARLES W. BURNS, aged 27 years.

On the 17th ultimo, Miss ELIZABETH ROBINSON, aged 47 years.

On the 16th ultimo, Capt. JAMES JENNAN, Jr. aged 41 years.

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We assert in all *confidence* that they are superior to any other Metallic Pen ever before introduced; and the testimonials we are daily receiving from our Customers and Friends,—Merchants, Teachers of Penmanship, Editors and Book-keepers, corroborate our assertions. We are confident that they will ultimately supercede all other Pens, except the finest gold.

The peculiarities of the GOLDEN PEN are numerous. They are *well-tempered* and *smooth*; are made of the *finest elastic materials*, and then plated and pointed with the *best Gold Finish*, giving them a most *attractive* and *beautiful* appearance; *will not corrode*, and have *never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction.*

Nothing, except the finest Gold Pens, ever before invented in the pen line, can compare with them in appearance, quality, economy, saleability or cheapness.

They are, indeed, by many, *preferred to a solid Gold Pen*, as the *points never come off.*

BESTOR'S GOLDEN PENS afford good profit to the retailer, and yet are cheaper than any steel pen, because—they will last ten times longer, write smoother, and are every way preferable; our customers inform us they can easier retail them at half a dime, or dime even, each, than other pens at a lower price.

Their best recommendation, however, is the rapid introduction they are receiving in Schools, Colleges, Banks and Mercantile Establishments throughout the Union, and their construction, elastic qualities, and gold-like appearance, render them universal favorites for *all* writing purposes.

BESTOR'S GOLDEN PEN is destined to be the Pen for the Million, and it is the intention of the Proprietor, that every town and county, and if possible every family in the United States shall give it use. It is our design to advertise them extensively, and thus facilitate their sale, through our customers in the different sections of our country. To do this will require an immense outlay of capital and labor, but we shall bring to bear the most generous outlay of means, establishing a uniform price, at wholesale and retail, and as near as possible, require all who are our agents; for their introduction and sale to do likewise.

BESTOR'S GOLDEN PEN is put up in a *New and Most Attractive Style*, being in metal boxes, gilt, to resemble gold, each box containing one dozen, and twelve boxes, (constituting one gross,) enclosed in another neat box, appropriately labeled. Every pen is stamped "BESTOR'S GOLDEN PEN," and every metal box has the words "BESTOR'S GOLDEN METALLIC PEN" stamped upon it, and *none are genuine unless so stamped.*

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Great Inducements will be made to *Merchants, Postmasters and General Traders*, our rates being fixed at such prices as will pay any dealer to order a wholesale supply.

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We could fill a volume with notices we have received of this justly Celebrated Pen, and the praises given them by Gentlemen of prominence in the different professions, are almost innumerable.

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Wit and Humor.

SHE WASN'T WELL.

A certain Pythoness who has established her sorcery shop in the most aristocratic quarter of Paris, the Faubourg St. Germain, is absolutely overrun with visitors, of whom not a few belong to the refined and intelligent class.

The other evening, this somnambulist and the prodigies which she is said to have accomplished, became the subject of conversation in an elegant Parisian drawing-room. The mistress of the house, herself a warm partisan of the gipsy, observed that one gentleman present listened to the strange stories related of the fortune-teller's wonderful powers without either giving in his adhesion or intimating his incredulity. Much chagrined by this attitude of non-committalism, the lady at last turned to the silent listener with the remark:

"I suppose you don't believe these stories, captain?"

"Well, madam," replied the other, "I do not pretend to explain that which may be inexplicable, but I look upon the marvellous in the same light as did St. Thomas."

"That is to say," returned the lady, "in order to believe you must first see. Very good; accompany me to-morrow, and you shall hear—you shall judge for yourself."

"May I be permitted to take an active part in the trial?"

"Certainly."

"Then I shall be most happy to be convinced."

The next day the two visited the sorceress in question.

"I am about to be married," said the gentleman, without further preface. "I should like you to place your investigating eye upon my person, and inform me if my sanitary state is satisfactory: if no deformity exists; if no loss has occurred?"

The somnambulist, after closely scrutinizing her interrogator, replied:

"I see nothing in you, sir, to cause anxiety."

"Look carefully."

"I have done so."

"The body is sound and unhurt?"

"Perfectly."

"No imperfections?"

"None."

"You hear, madam?" said the gentleman, turning to the lady who had suggested the experiment. "It appears to me almost time to put an end to this nonsense."

Then, addressing the somnambulist, he continued:

"I am Captain V———. I have left a leg in Africa, and a hand in the Crimea. Look."

And the officer stamped upon the floor with his false foot, and rapped upon the table with a mechanical hand, neatly gloved.

Thereupon the somnambulist observed that she felt unwell that morning, begged her visitors to excuse her, and disappeared.

THE CAPTAIN SOLD.

The San Francisco Era tells the following story as the truth:

A short time since, a tall, sanctified person, dressed in a good suit of black, with a white cravat, and gold spectacles upon his nose, boarded one of the steamers on her departure from this city, and became immediately engaged in a scene of enthusiastic hand-shaking with a friend whom he had apparently come to "see off." He held in his grasp a parcel of papers, tied with red tape, and had evidently just torn himself away from his business to exchange the last adieu with his acquaintance. They soon repaired to the state-room of the latter, where they were seen hobnobbing over the parting glass.

In the meanwhile the bell had rung, and the steamer was under way. The gentleman with the papers was indignant—he insisted upon being set ashore, but not even the consideration of the vast interests involved in the case of Knox vs. Rocks would induce the pilot to turn back, or in any other way accommodate the supposed luminary of the law. The officers of the vessel enjoyed a brisk laugh over the perplexities of the traveller perforce, when their merriment was silenced by the following note, handed to the captain by the cabin boy, at the close of the trip, when the last passenger had left the boat:

"DEAR CAP.:—The compliments of the day to yourself and the noble vessel over which you have the distinguished honor to hold the chief command. With the recollections of your mirth-provoking anecdotes still in my mind, and the *smack* of your old Bourbon still fresh upon my lips, I should be ungrateful did I leave here without thanking you for the kind and disinterested manner in which you not only supplied my physical wants during the past week or so, but *actually conveyed me to the place of my destination free of charge*—an act of generosity which, as a stranger, I could not have reasonably expected of you. My warmest regards to your beautiful lady.

"Yours, affectionately,

"JOHN STOKES."

GOING IN ON SHARES.—"Boy, where do you come from, and how do you live?" "Come from Pennsylvany, and live by eating."—"Would you like something to do?" "Don't care, if it 'taint hard work!" "Well, boy, if you like, I will set you up in a business that will prove both pleasant and profitable!" "Drive ahead, I'm listenin'!" "Well, you go somewhere and steal a basket, and then go around begging for cold victuals, and you may have half you get!"

NELSON'S GIG.—In a French notice of the "Life of Nelson," in which it is related that the naval hero, after completing his preparations for the battle of Copenhagen, went in his gig to reconnoitre the Danish fleet, there is a foot note to the following effect:—"Gig, a sort of cabriolet!"

SUPPOSED OCCUPATION OF VERMONT BY THE ROMANS.—Another relic of the classic ages was found in Vermont lately, being a dog's collar, supposed to have belonged to Julius Cæsar, from the fact of *having his name engraved upon it!*

Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES.

AND

THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEXT SIX MONTHS.

It was not my intention when I commenced this little work, to do more than give our first six months' experience in farming our four acres of land; but as perhaps the reader may think that time hardly sufficient to form a correct opinion of the advantages to be derived from a residence in the country, I think it as well to add some particulars relating to the following six months.

In the spring came a new source of profit and amusement. We commenced our labors in the poultry-yard in February, by setting a hen on thirteen eggs, which, early in march, produced the same number of chickens; these were all ready for the table in the middle of May. At that time we could not have purchased them under 6s. the couple.

The cost of thirty-eight chickens till ready to kill, was 17s. 6d. We always exactly knew the expense attending the poultry, because we had a separate book from the miller, in which every article was entered as it came into the house; and as the chickens were kept distinct from the other fowls, I could tell the exact sum they had cost us when they made their appearance at table.

The first thing that was given them to eat was egg, boiled quite hard, chopped very fine, and mixed with bread-crumbs. After that they had groats. I find they consumed:

	s.	d.
Three quarts of whole groats,	1	6
Two bushels of barley,	9	0
One bushel of middlings,	4	6
Twenty-five pounds of chicken rice,	2	6
Making altogether,	17	6

The reader must be told that those thirty-eight chickens had other things to eat than those I have put down; they had nearly all the scraps from the house, consisting of cold potatoes, bits of meat, pudding, &c., and any pieces of bread which were left at table were soaked in skim-milk; and the rice was also boiled in it. Of course, in a smaller family there would not have been so many "scraps" for them; but, however strict you may be with children, you cannot prevent their leaving remnants on their plates, all of which would have been wasted, had it not been for the chickens and pig-tub.

We were not so fortunate with the ducks. We did not keep any through the winter, consequently we had to purchase the eggs, which were placed under hens; for those eggs we paid 2d. each, and out of thirteen, which was the number given to each hen, we never reared more than eight ducks.

Thus, in the first instance, they cost us 3d. each; and they were likewise more expensive to feed than the chickens. They were never fit for the table till they had cost us 2s. 6d. the couple. One reason of this was, that as the chickens had all the waste bits, they had nothing but what was bought for them; but then they were such ducks as could not have been purchased at the poulterers.

We never killed one unless it weighed four pounds; they used to be brought in at night, and placed in the scale; if it was the weight I have mentioned it was killed, if not it was respited till it did so.

At first we tried cooping them to fatten, but found it did not answer, as they moved and refused to eat by themselves; so we abandoned that plan, and were content to let them run in the meadows till fit to kill, which was not till they were three months old. They were never "fat," but very meaty and fine flavored,—not in the least like those which are bought, which, however fat they may appear before they are cooked, come to table half the size they were when put down to the fire.

I remember being rather puzzled once when resident in London. I wanted a particularly fine couple of ducks for a "company dinner," and went myself to the shop where I dealt to order them.

"Now, Mrs. Todd," said I, "the ducks I require are not fat ducks, but meaty ones; the last I had from you had nothing on them when they came to table, though they looked so plump when you sent them."

"Oh yes, ma'am," was the rejoinder. "I know just what you want; but they are very difficult to get; you want *running* ducks."

I was obliged to ask what she meant by the term *running*, and was then informed that the ducks for the London market, were put up to fatten, and as they were crammed with grease to hasten the process, the fat all went into the dripping-pan. Now a *running* duck was one well fed, and allowed to roam or run till it was killed. I am now able from experience to say, that they are incomparably superior to their fattened brethren.

The novice in poultry-rearing must be told that it is almost useless to set a hen in very hot weather. As we had more eggs than were required, we did so during part of June, July, and August, but had very bad fortune with them; the hen seldom hatching more than three or four, and those puny little creatures.

There is an old Kentish proverb which says:—

"Between the sickle and the scythe
Whatever's born will never thrive;"

and as it was just between the hay and corn-harvest that we tried to rear our ducks and chickens, I am inclined to believe that, like many other old saws, it was founded on experience. They may be reared in September, though they require great care, and must not be allowed to run on the grass, which at that season is seldom dry.

A friend once told me she reared a brood of seventeen chickens, which were hatched the last week in September; they were placed in an empty greenhouse, and were consequently kept warm and dry. March *is the* month for

FIRST "CLASS OF FASHION, &c."—Jack, who's that deuced ugly feliah?

SECOND DO.—Mirror, Fwed!

FIRST DO.—Bless my soul! so 'tis! Thought it was ugly feliah, but 'tisn't; deuced good looking feliah!

poultry; the hatches are better, and they grow much more rapidly than at any other time.

I am quite sure that a poultry-yard may be made very profitable to any one who will bestow a little trouble on it. Great care must be taken with the young chickens at night; the hen should be securely cooked with them; for want of this precaution we in one night lost eight, when they were a few days old, being, as we supposed, carried off by the cats.

The best food for ducks when first hatched is bread and milk; in a few days barley-meal, wetted with water into balls about as big as peas, should be given to them. It is usual, as soon as both ducks and chickens come out of the shell, to put a pepper-corn down their throats. I don't know that it is really of service to them, but it is a time-honored custom, and so perhaps it is as well to follow it.

As for our butter-making, it continued to prosper; we had some little trouble with it in the spring, when the weather set in suddenly very hot. It was certainly much more difficult to reduce the temperature of the cream to 55° than it was to raise it to that degree.

I often thought with vain longing of the shop in the Strand, where we used to purchase Wenham Lake Ice; how firm would the butter have come, could we have had a few lumps to put in the churn half an hour before we required to use it.

Farmers' wives tell us, that to get firm butter in very hot weather they get up at three o'clock in the morning, in order that it may be made before the sun becomes powerful. Now this is a thing that would not have suited H. or myself at all, and therefore we never mustered up courage to attempt it.

One day in March—and this is the last disaster I have to record concerning our butter—we were particularly anxious to have it good, as we expected visitors, to whom we had frequently boasted of our skill as dairywomen; the day was very warm, and the cream appeared much thicker than usual; we churned for more than an hour without its appearing to undergo any change; we frequently removed the lid to see if there was any sign of butter coming, but each time we were disheartened when we discovered it looked just the same as when placed in the churn. At last the handle went round so easily as if no cream were in it, and presently it began to run over the top of the churn. When we looked in a curious sight presented itself; the cream had risen to the top, just as milk does when it boils! We were greatly astonished. In nine months' butter-making we had seen nothing like it.

Tom, who milked the cows, was supposed to know something of the art of churning; he was, therefore, called into the dairy; as soon as he saw the state of the matter he exclaimed, "Why, the cream's gone to sleep!"*

"The cream gone to sleep!" What in the world could that mean? Such a propensity we had never discovered in cream before; we could gain no solution of the mystery from Tom; all he said was that we must go on churning till it "waked up."

H. and myself had been hard at work for two hours, so willingly yielded to his request that he might be allowed to arouse the cream from its slumber. He, the cook, and housemaid, churned away by turns till seven in the evening, but the sleep of the cream remained unbroken, and as it was then considered a hopeless affair, the slothful fluid was consigned to the pig-tub.

Now we have never felt quite sure of our butter since. Every time we churn there is a lurking fear that the cream may choose to take a nap; however, it is as yet the first and last time in our experience.

I can give no advice to my readers on the subject, though I have consulted every farmer's wife in the neighborhood on the matter. They all say that cream will go to sleep sometimes, though it usually wakes up after a few hours.* Perhaps, after all, we were too impatient, and should not have given in after *only* nine hours churning. With this solitary exception our butter-making progressed as favorably as we could desire.

I do not quite know how to believe the stories I am told of wonderful cows which my friends are fortunate enough to possess. One gentleman has informed me that he has one which gives fifteen pounds of butter weekly. Now we have had several, but never made more on the average than eight pounds per week. I believe that a great deal depends on the manner in which they are milked, and once in the hands of a beginner in that art the cows decreased in milk so rapidly, that we did not get more than a gallon daily from both animals; after they had been three weeks under his management we changed the milker, but did not get anything like the proper quantity again till after they had calved.

I believe the usual average is one pound of butter from every ten quarts of milk. Ours used to give us thirteen or fourteen quarts each daily, and yet we never made more than eight pounds. We used about two quarts of new milk, so that if ten quarts will give a pound of butter, we did not get so much as we ought. Still we were very well satisfied with the produce we received.

There requires management with two cows, in order that one may always be in full milk when the other calves. If you rear a calf for the butcher, it will require the whole of the milk for six or seven weeks, which is about the age they are killed for fine veal. We once—it was in the winter—received five guineas for one. With two cows this may usually be done, and it is more profitable than making butter. Where only one is kept, it is better to part with the calf when a few days old, and then the price is £1.

If a lady wishes her dairy to be very nicely furnished, she should have all the articles she requires of glass, instead of wood and earthenware. Everything for the dairy of that material can be purchased in Leicester Square, and certainly, if expense had been no object to us, we should much have preferred a glass churn, pans, &c. They have the great advantage of being kept beautifully clean with very little labor; but they are so liable to be broken, that they should never be used unless servants are very careful. A marble table is, however, in every respect better than a board to make the butter upon. It is expensive at first, but will, with ordinary care, last several generations of butter-makers.

Whilst on the subject of the dairy, I must say a few words respecting the great care required in washing the articles used in it. As soon as the butter was taken from the churn, I was in the habit of filling it with boiling water, into which I had put some lumps of soda, and then turned the handle a few times, in order that it might be well washed round. It was then left till it was convenient for "cook" to cleanse all the utensils we had used.

From some cause or other, I neglected for two or three weeks to do this, and one day, when the fresh-made butter was brought to table, there were complaints that it was *cheesy*; it certainly had a peculiar and very unpleasant taste, for which we could not account.

The next time it was made it had the same fault; and it then occurred to me that it might be the churn. I accordingly returned to my old mode of washing it, and never after was there a complaint of any unpleasant flavor in the butter.

I mention this to show the amateur dairywoman how very essential is cleanliness in every article she uses. A regular dairymaid would have known this, but a town-servant thinks that if she washes a thing it is sufficient; but more than mere washing is required; every article must be *scrubbed* with soap, wood-ashes and soda, and then placed for hours in the open air.

Now, glass is much easier kept sweet and clean, and for that reason is greatly to be preferred; but I am writing for those who may wish to reap profit from their "Farm of Four Acres," and I fear little would be gained if nothing but glass were used in the dairy.

Our land turned out better the second summer than the first. We made nearly two tons and a-half of hay from each acre. We were enabled to mow the whole three acres, as we had "common rights" in our neighborhood during the spring. Had we been without this privilege, we could only have mown two acres, and as hay was four guineas the load, the additional acre was worth £10 to us, with the exception of 15s. for making it. We were advised to have an after-crop, but did not; it would have made the land very poor for the next year, so that what we gained in hay we must have expended in manure.

We were well satisfied with the profit we derived from our pigs during this second six months. All the summer we kept four, at an expense of 2s. 4d. weekly, which was expended for two bushels of fine pollard.

We had such an abundance of vegetables from the garden and orchard, that we must have wanted cart-loads, if we had not kept pigs to consume them. As soon as the hay was carried, they were turned into the meadows, and suffered to remain there till they were put up to fatten; a process which pigs must go through, though ducks can dispense with it. I have already stated the expense of fattening them, and we never found it vary more than a shilling or two in a pig.

We always found for our family that a bacon pig of sixteen stone was the best size, and for porkers about eight.

Our fruit was as plentiful as our vegetables, indeed we might have sold the surplus for some pounds; but we soon found that to do so was to lose *caste* in the neighborhood. One piece of extravagance we were guilty of the first winter and spring we passed at A. The gardener had a little fire in the grapery during the severe weather, because he had placed some plants in it. We were told we could continue it till the grapes ripened for a "mere nothing." Now "mere nothings" mount up to a "considerable something." The coal and coke consumed before they were ripe cost £4. It is true we had them in July instead of September, but we should have liked them quite as well in that month.

It was a bad grape year, too; at least with us. I don't think we cut more than twenty pounds' weight. Hot-house grapes are not dear at 4s. the pound; but we should have had them equally good by waiting two months later, when they would have cost us nothing.

Had we purchased the produce we received from our garden during the year, it would have been worth two guineas weekly. Our peaches, apricots and nectarines were abundant, and very fine. We had two splendid walnut trees, and a mulberry tree of immense size, which was an object of special abhorrence to nurse, as for more than two months in the summer the children's frocks, pinners, &c., were dyed with the juice of the fruit. They could hardly pass near it in the season without some of the ripe berries falling on their heads, and it was hardly possible to prevent them escaping from her to pick them up. Mulberry-pudding made its appearance often on the nursery-table, and jars of mulberry jam were provided to secure the same dainty through the winter.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

* I have since been told by an old woman conversant with sleepy cream, that a quart of milk nearly boiling hot will wake it up.

Useful Receipts.

NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE.—A correspondent of an exchange paper says he has tried the receipt of horseradish to the face for Neuralgia as well as Toothache. As Neuralgia and the Toothache are both nervous diseases, he thought the remedy for the one would be likely to give relief to the other; so he made the application of horseradish, bruised, applied to the side of the body where the disease was seated. It gave almost instant relief to the severe attack of Neuralgia. Since then, he has applied it several times, and with the same gratifying result. The remedy is simple, cheap, and may be within reach of every one.

TO PREVENT COWS KICKING.—Tie a cord or small rope around the body of the cow, just front of the hips and udder, drawing it pretty tight, when you can go to work milking without fear or trembling. In time the cord may be merely laid over the animal's back with the desired effect; at least such has been my experience.—*Correspondent of the Country Gentleman.*

A CHEAP GALVANIC BATTERY.—Take a cylindrical vessel, and put another of porous porcelain inside of it; fill the vessel with diluted sulphuric acid, and the space between the two with sulphate of copper (if you require to plate the article with copper); if not, a solution of the salt of gold, silver, &c., according to that which you wish it to be; put a slip of zinc in the sulphuric acid, and attach a copper wire to it, and the other end of the wire to the medal or article you wish to plate, and immerse that in the other solution. Your battery is now complete. If you want the copper to be very thick, you must put a few solid crystals of copper in the solution: where you do not want it to come in contact, you must touch it with a little grease; if you want to take the copper off the article, you must do it over with a slight varnish.

YEAST.—To make good yeast boil two ounces of the best hops in a gallon of water for half an hour; strain it, and let it cool down to the heat of new milk; then put in a small handful of salt, and half a pound of moist sugar; beat up one pound of the best flour with some of the liquor, and then mix all well together. Two days after, add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and then mashed, to stand for four-and-twenty hours; then put it into bottles, and it will be ready for use. Stir it frequently while making, and keep it warm. Before using, shake the bottle well up. It will keep in a cool place for two months.

A CHESHIRE PUDDING.—Make a crust as for a fruit pudding, roll it out to fourteen or fifteen inches in length, and eight or nine in width; spread with raspberry jam, or any other preserve of a similar kind, and roll it up in the the manner of a collared eel. Wrap a cloth round it two or three times, and tie it tight at each end. Two hours and a quarter will boil it.

GERMAN PASTE FOR CAGE-BIRDS.—Take one pint of pea-flour, in which rub up a new-laid egg, then add two ounces of fresh lard, and three ounces of honey or treacle; continue to rub this well, so as to prevent its being in large lumps; when got to a fine powder, put it into a clean earthen pipkin, and place it over a slow and clear fire, until warm through, stirring it all the while, to prevent its burning; when sufficiently hot, take it off, and pass it through a fine wire sieve; then add about two ounces of maw-seed, and if hemp-seed is thought essential, give the small Russia whole, in preference to the common sort, bruised, as it only tends to bring on the husk or dry cough. The birds will eat it whole, and it will do them equal good, and prevent nasty and troublesome complaints which oftentimes stop the birds, when in full song, until they bring up the small particles of the hulls of the usual sized hemp-seed.

☞ No man is obliged to do as much as he can do.—*Dr. Johnson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 2, 3, 11, 8, 3, is a mistake.
My 13, 14, 9, 10, 11, 12, is to attend and guard.
My 4, 8, 7, 2, 14, in Rome the 7th March, May, July and October.
My 9, 5, 3, 12, 10, 8, 4, a painting on paper.
My 9, 13, 3, 13, 14, a pagan god.
My 14, 10, 7, 5, is a mineral fixed alkali.
My 12, 5, 12, 13, 8, 10, is figures on the skin.
My 9, 10, 6, 7, 8, 3, is a large fowl of S. America.
My 1, 2, 5, 3, 12, is the seat of love.
My whole is well known to the readers of the History of Mexico.

Vicksburg, Miss. J. O. W. HITCH.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 30, 11, 17, 27, 14, is an indispensable article of furniture.
My 29, 33, 11, 4, is a period of time.
My 8, 14, 10, 31, was one of the Roman Emperors.
My 1, 35, 22, is a talent but few possess.
My 25, 19, 24, 3, is one of Neptune's subjects.
My 21, 26, 28, 3, is a nice salt water fish.
My 20, 27, 9, 5, is an acid English berry.
My 13, 31, 8, 16, 22, 11, 12, 30, 6, 8, 5, was one of the greatest Roman Emperors.
My 34, 37, 36, 22, is one of the cardinal points.
My 15, 4, 10, 23, 7, 11, 22, 33, is what man does to refresh the thirsty land.
My 18, 5, 7, 11, 18, is a term corresponding with lawful.
My whole is a poetic sentiment.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 6, 7, is an edible.
My 2, 11, 9, 12, is termed a "viscous vegetable substance."
My 3, 9, 8, 7, is a priestly adornment.
My 4, 6, 7, 8, is what all have, though in various quantities.
My 5,8, 9, 7, is a source of expectation.
My 6, 10, 9, 1, a characteristic of ladies' fashions.
My 7, 10, 11, 8, are petty plunderers.
My 8, 12, 5, 12, 9, is the temperament of my whole.
My 9, 10, 11, 8, a subject of interest in both hemispheres.
My 10, 9, 2, 4, is an object of greater interest than the preceding.
My 11, 12, 4, 8, is a source of gratification and of dread.
My 12, 11, 9, 10, 7, 2, 4, 1, is a thing to be avoided.
My whole is a personage of large self-esteem, great daring, with a considerable spice of humbug.

ARISTIDES.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In autumn, when the winter's near,
And all the sky is bright and clear,
The sportsman starts to hunt for deer,—
Far in the depths of wood;
And if my first be chance to spy,
He'll follow it o'er hill tops high,
With nimble step and sparkling eye,
For it is good for food.

My second's need, if I am right,
Often alike in day and night,—
And some to toil it doth incite,—
What do you think I mean?
My whole's a flower of beauty rare,
Which grows in many gardens fair,
And whose perfume doth fill the air,
When earth is robed in green.

A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
My 1st is in baker, but not in bread.
My 2d is in black, but not in red.
My 3d is in noun, but not in verb.
My 4th is in seed, but not in herb.
My 5th is in bank, but not in note.
My 6th is in steam, but not in boat.
My whole is in the west, without disguise.
If you can guess, you may think yourself wise.

Dubuque. L. FEOSTA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first can fly in storms and gales,
On my second the steamship sails;
My whole's an ancient town in Wales.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A O, a line drawn from the acute angle A, of a right-angled triangle A B C, to the centre, O, of its greatest inscribed square, D E F, is equal to the square root of 261; and B O, a line drawn from the other acute angle, B, to the same point, O, is equal to the square root of 520. Required, the sides of the triangle?

Scrabble Hill, Pa. GEOMETRICUS.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a certain gentleman has a circular garden, surrounded by a wall, which is 100 feet in diameter. Suppose he tethers his horse to the outside of the wall, with a tether equal in length to the semi-circumference of the garden. Required, the nature of the *curve* the horse will describe, and the distance he can travel, by starting from the point opposite where his tether is fastened, and going around back to the same point again, keeping his tether stretched all the time; and the number of acres of ground it will be possible for him to graze over.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ MR. RAREY'S CONUNDRUM.—When is a horse like a herring? Ans.—When he's hard rode (rode).

☞ Why is a busy barber like a telegraphic wire? Ans.—Because he runs from pole (poll) to pole.

☞ When does the letter A transform pork into metal? Ans.—When it makes a led pig into a pig of lead!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. RIDDLE—Fop. RIDDLE—Peninsula. (Pen-inn-sue-la!) GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—51, 75 and 84 perches.